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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1925

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BY

MRS. HALDANE OF CLOAN

Mussolini — Spanish Edition

How to Become a Sane Economist

BY

SIR ERNEST BENN

Charles Lamb Quits Work

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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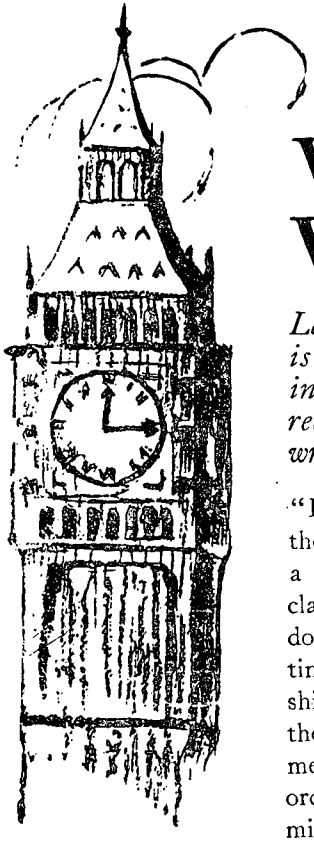

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THE LIVING AGE

May 23, 1925

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THIS WEEK

ONE hundred years ago — almost two decades before the *Living Age* first appeared in the drawing-rooms of intellectual Boston — Lord Haldane's mother, *Mrs. Haldane of Cloan*, was born. As a little girl she was terrified at the mention of Bonaparte's name. She remembers the black dress she wore in 1830 when George IV died. She recalls the excitement aroused by the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. She has talked with contemporaries of Washington and Ben Franklin. And after a full century of life, she tells us that the world is an infinitely better place to-day than it used to be when she was a girl.

❦ ❦ ❦

Less than two weeks before Mrs. Haldane entered this vale of tears, Charles Lamb, having attained the age of fifty, retired from the offices of the East India Company on a pension. Since it was the happiest day of a not particularly happy life, the lovers of Elia, good Londoners all, gave an elaborate centennial party in their hero's memory. Isn't there a real suggestion here — something constructive, as the professors say? Instead of celebrating the anniversaries of the death or the birth of famous men, why not celebrate the happiest day in their lives — in other words, the day on which they knocked off work? Any man for whom that was not the happiest day does n't deserve to be remembered — if you don't believe it, read our essay about Lamb the Londoner and be convinced.

❦ ❦ ❦

Although his fame is not so great in the States as that of Blasco Ibáñez, *Pío Baroja* is a big man in his own country. His message to the *Living Age*, and to the readers of his new book, the preface of which we have reprinted, is that there are as many different kinds of novels as there are novelists. The only definite statement that he makes is the first sentence, with which this department has no quarrel, to the effect that 'It is always pleasanter to talk to a woman alone.' Señor Baroja, however, is evidently not the only Spaniard who believes this. General Primo de Rivera is with him heart and soul, but would even be willing to leave out the word 'alone' if you made an issue of it. What distinguishes the popular Dictator from the other Spanish politicians is that he is a genial and not a grouchy fool. Another military man, General Martínez Anido, whom the anonymous author of 'Pillars of Government' also demolishes, is a sample of the grouchy type. When he was sent to Barcelona a few years back to suppress some Socialist riots, he decreed that twenty workmen be killed every time one of the capitalists bit the dust. On one occasion, however, a cog slipped somewhere and twenty-one sons of toil were found in the morgue with their toes pointing skyward. 'That's one too many,' remarked the General.

❦ ❦ ❦

Students of the 'dismal science' will find their dingy labors materially eased if they take *Sir Ernest Benn's* advice and read the few basic works on economics that he recommends. Sir Ernest, a genuine authority on the subject, states that there are not a half-dozen books on economic theory which are not pro-Socialist, or at any rate anti-Capitalist. The reason for this is that most economists are impractical theorists who are more concerned with rescuing the submerged tenth than in learning a little horse sense from the nine tenths who have brains enough to keep their heads above water. Apparently the funniest thing about Socialists — and this is saying a good deal — is that the word 'loss' never appears in their works, but that the word 'profit' recurs at least as often as 'economy' in a Coolidge speech. Evidently they believe that all businesses are like bootlegging, only more profitable.

❦ ❦ ❦

It is Sinclair Lewis Week in our 'Life, Letters, and the Arts' department, where anyone who wants to know what the English critics think of *Arrowsmith* can have his curiosity satisfied. In spite of what our genial British cousins call the 'naïveté and crudity that appear to mark American life in any sphere,' we seem to have turned out a pretty high-class writer of novels. This ought to be a big encouragement to Mr. Lewis, and maybe to a couple of other writers too.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DOLES OR SUBSIDIES?

SIR ALFRED MOND started a lively debate in England last month — it is easy to start one at any time upon the unemployment question — by suggesting that the dole be diverted to subsidizing depressed industries, thus enabling these to put idle labor to work. This debate was widened to cover the whole field of unemployment, which, in spite of its seriousness, seems still to be imperfectly understood by the public, to judge by the efforts of the press to instruct it upon the subject. Editors of a more cheerful temperament point out that perhaps a majority of the unemployed are people who did not work at wage-earning occupations until the war. During the conflict they were drafted into paying pursuits, and having acquired the pay-envelope habit refuse to give it up — except for an equivalent from the public treasury. The *Outlook* approves the conclusion of a committee that has recently investigated the problem, which puts the figure of the normally unemployable among the so-called unemployed as high as 400,000, or over a third of the total. It also points out that the present unemployment is largely a problem of a few special industries, like coal-mining. Outside of the two groups thus accounted for, 'there remains a figure which is not greatly above the normal.' In other words, the new condition is awakened consciousness of unemployment as much as unemployment itself. On the other hand, the *New Statesman* says that people in Great Britain have recently become aware 'that the situation is far more serious than they were led, until lately, to suppose. Among all the bankers, employers, merchants, labor leaders, and politicians who discuss the economic outlook there is scarcely an optimistic voice.'

This by way of prelude to Sir Alfred Mond's scheme, which is in substance that the Government should offer to turn over to any employer who will take on for a definite period additional labor at trade-union rates and conditions the amount that the Government would ordinarily pay to this labor in doles, which would thus become a subsidy to the industry.

Of course there would be a provision

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for reducing the subsidy according to a prearranged scale with the fall in the rate of unemployment in the industry concerned. It is argued in favor of the scheme that this form of Government aid would enable British manufacturers to produce goods cheaply enough to recover the markets they are losing to their Continental competitors on account of lower wages across the Channel. It would cost the State nothing, since the workers are already receiving the dole, while it would, on the other hand, increase the revenues of the State by increasing production.

Objectors to the proposal urge that such a subsidy would not ensure an outlet for the products of the subsidized industries, that industries that were not subsidized would soon develop an acute need for the same treatment as the more favored groups of producers, and that a measure of this kind would be followed by the whole crop of evils that invariably springs up when the Government begins to give bonuses to private enterprises. Some papers protest that subsidizing industries, if considered on its own merits, would be hopelessly condemned by public opinion. The *Spectator* remarks that 'it would be a very mad and bad thing if any employer came to regard unemployment and the system of doles as a kind of blessing in disguise.' The *Nation and the Athenæum*, also, makes several telling points against the proposal: 'Broadly speaking, and within a given industry, the firms which are fully occupied are the more efficient, and those with the largest idle margin tend to be the least so. Thus Sir Alfred's scheme would discriminate in favor of the inefficient, with consequences that might be really serious.' But the 'fundamental and fatal' objection in the mind of this writer is that this plan must 'entail a steady decline of unsubsidized employment and a steady growth of the subsidized variety.' He then proceeds to describe in some detail why and how this would happen, and concludes, like a good Liberal, with this patronizing advice to Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet: —

> Some ministers are very anxious to be open-minded, and very anxious to be constructive. This is praiseworthy. But when men whose mental attitude has hitherto been very different are seized suddenly with such aspirations, they are apt to become as reckless and ram-stam as any half-fledged enthusiast. Men of conservative outlook, believers in leaving things alone, do not greatly feel the need of a grasp of history and economic principle, and often enough they do not bother to supply it. But those who would set out on the paths of experiment and adventure *do* need this grasp, and we should prefer that ministers should obtain it at the cost of their own mental exertions rather than at that of their countrymen's experience.

EUROPE'S RADICAL UNIVERSITIES

NOT long ago we noted in the *Living Age* the proposal of certain wealthy concerns in the Netherlands having property interests in the Dutch East Indies to endow a school for training colonial servants at the University of Utrecht, to compete with the long-established courses at the University of Leyden, on the ground that the young men sent out to the colonies at present arrive there filled with social-reform theories that have an unfortunate effect upon the natives. A striking counterpart of this has developed in Kenya Colony, where the planters at a recent convention seem to have expended a large amount of energy — for an equatorial country — in denouncing the young civil servants sent to Africa by the British universities. Lord Delamere, a veteran settler, protested that these men 'were a lot who were out of sympathy with their

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own people,' that they 'did not understand the native temperament, and became a menace to civilization.' A Captain Montagu thundered: 'In this country young university men saturated with democracy and socialistic ideas are being introduced, and they have become a menace to the prestige of the white man.' Another planter declared that 'until the Civil Service is combed out the present unsatisfactory state of affairs will exist. The junior officials, whose views have been distorted by debating societies and who are inspired by anti-white ideas and Bolshevist tendencies, are defying the Government.' A Mr. MacClellan Wilson, who we are told was at one time Honorary Secretary of an East African Christian Union which flourished among the settlers in the early days of colonization, added his voice of protest to the effect that 'nowadays the Service is being recruited from college men in whom is a seething spirit of socialism — all-men-equal, brotherhood-of-man views — which makes them unbalanced and erratic in their actions.'

Apparently, therefore, centres of revolutionary infection like Oxford, Cambridge, and Leyden must no longer be permitted to contaminate with false doctrines the untutored Malay and still less tutored Negro. But the convention from whose proceedings we have quoted rather indirectly, via the London *New Statesman* and the *East African Standard*, probably does not represent the unanimous opinion of the Kenya settlers. At least those who attended the recent meeting deplored the declining membership of their body and the difficulty in getting delegates to come to sessions.

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POPULATION PROBLEMS IN EUROPE

ACCORDING to the last report of the statistical *Reichsamt*, Germany's population, including the Saar Valley, was 63,800,000 on June 30, 1924, or almost exactly two million more than on June 30, 1920. The excess of births over deaths fluctuates widely. It declined from 683,000 in 1921 to 384,000 in 1923, only to rise again in 1924. But the increase is almost entirely in the country. While the population of Berlin is growing and on February 1, 1925, reached 4,096,679, this is due to inflow from the country. That city's deaths regularly exceed its births, the former numbering about 47,000 and the latter 41,000 in 1924.

Turning to France, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, a well-known medical journalist, deplores in the London *Outlook* her depopulation as due largely to preventable causes, less to the falling birth-rate than to 'an utterly deplorable death-rate.' Basing his opinion partly on an observation tour of several weeks in that country, he summarizes the chief causes of this high death-rate as follows: —

> Venereal disease, chronic alcoholism, — for the most part respectable and of no interest to the police, though of grave concern to the pathologist, — and the very high rate of illegitimacy may here be conspicuously named as guilty agents of this destruction of the future of France. . . . Second, I name the continued prevalence of the water-borne diseases represented by typhoid and dysentery. They continue in France for a reason which the traveler must speedily discover — much concern about wine, but far too little about water. It is really necessary to begin with what the great sanitarians of the nineteenth century called 'primary sanitation' — good sewerage and a safe water-supply. . . . Lastly, there is the toll of tuberculosis. Our exact knowledge of that disease dates from the Frenchman Laënnec, the inventor of the stethoscope, and from the discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Koch, chief German pupil of Pasteur. The disease is diminishing almost all over the world, but its decadence in France is pitifully slow.

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Since the war the American Red Cross and the Rockefeller Foundation have done much antituberculosis work in France, but with scant success. This is an indoor disease, chief among those which I call the diseases of darkness, and the French people as a whole persist in living indoors, despite the success of the sports movement among a tiny section. In motoring through Italy and France nothing has struck me more than the abundance of healthy Italian children whom one sees out in the fresh air and sunlight, and the ominous absence of so pleasant a spectacle in France.

As in Germany, the cities of France are the great race-destroyers. Jean Clair-Guyot, writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, comes back as pessimistic as Dr. Saleeby from a recent tour through certain rural districts two hundred kilometres from Paris — not, it should be emphasized, in regions devastated by the war, but where conditions might be expected to be normal. Yet if we may trust his somewhat emotional account, the deserted farm, and the deserted village, are becoming as familiar sights in the French countryside as they were in Goldsmith's England or are to-day in New England hill towns.

Speaking of Bar-sur-Aube, he mentions, 'not one or two, but ten, twenty, thirty localities where most of the houses are empty and rapidly falling into decay or are already in ruins.' He names several hamlets in that vicinity that have become entirely depopulated. There, as in New England, 'one finds places where retired people of moderate means or amateur country-lovers have bought cottages in sightly situations and repaired them for vacation residences. But this does not restore the normal life of these districts. On the road you meet at rare intervals two or three children who look sad and listless, doubtless for want of playmates.'

Continuing, this writer says: 'The view presented by these half-deserted villages is only part of the sad picture. The country itself is equally depressing. On all sides you see fields that have gone out of cultivation and are overrun with weeds, and vineyards that have not been pruned or tilled for years, with long vines creeping out to the roadside as if to flee from the desolation behind them.'

Local residents estimate that a third of the land in this district lies uncultivated for lack of labor. Nearer the large towns the villages are livelier, but that is because the peasants have found employment in neighboring factories.

*

MEXICO'S 'YELLOW PERIL'

A PRESS campaign has started in Mexico against the flood of Asiatics — particularly Chinese — that is said to be pouring into the Republic through Lower California and the States of Senora and Sinaloa. According to *El Universal:* —

The Chinese immigrant invasion has assumed in that region appalling proportions. Notwithstanding the restrictions placed upon it, obviously inadequate and poorly enforced, the yellow population is growing rapidly. Chinese have acquired a monopoly of the retail, restaurant, and hotel trade, and, thanks to their low standard of living, are competing unfairly with our labor. But this is not the worst part of it. We Mexicans are to blame if we let the Chinese get ahead of us in the retail trade and in the hotel and restaurant business. The worst is that these people are introducing the cultivation of the poppy and engaging largely in the opium and liquor trade along the border of the United States. These immigrants come to the country to foment lawlessness. Last and worst of all, they marry Mexican women and debase the blood of the native race.

According to this journal, another South American country — Peru — is

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threatened with similar evils. With a population of less than two million Indians and about one million and a half mixed-bloods, that Republic has already received an immigration of sixty thousand Asiatics.

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CRIME IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE British Home Office has just issued, with usual government belatedness, its Annual Report on the Criminal Statistics of England and Wales for 1923. Apparently crime runs in parallel courses on both sides of the Atlantic, for the Report lays stress on the increase in dramatic deeds of violence, notably those in which motor-cars are employed by the criminals to facilitate their operations. A great expansion of cases of fraud and embezzlement since the war is also recorded. But this is compensated for by diminution in other fields of criminality: —

> There has been a great increase of certain descriptions of crimes of dishonesty accompanied by violence, of which breaking into unguarded shops and warehouses by night and removing the goods or merchandise in motor-vans is a typical and frequent example. Frauds and commercial dishonesty have also flourished, and it may reasonably be suggested that both classes of offenses are in many cases assignable to the long-continued debasing effects of the war upon conduct and character.
>
> On the other hand, crimes of violence against the person and crimes savoring of habitual criminality tend to diminish. With regard to the latter offenses, burglary, possession of housebreaking tools, and larceny from the person all show a falling off — which, however, might merely mean that their professors have adopted newer and more profitable forms of crime. The remarkable increase of two or three classes of crimes against property has brought them into great prominence; but putting aside these cases, the opinion may be hazarded that crime in general has steadily diminished over a considerable term of years, and in addition the reduction is greatest in the more serious offenses.

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A JAPANESE FAMILY LAW

JAPAN has several famous commercial families, of whom the best known is the Mitsui. The Family Law of this house, which dates from the eighteenth century, and is enforced by a Family Council, remotely resembling the Family Council in French Law, contains the following provisions: (1) members of the family — in its largest sense — shall dwell together in peace and friendship without discord and contention; (2) since thrift is the basis of well-being and extravagance is the path to ruin, thrift should be the motto of the family; (3) no member of the family shall incur debts, endorse notes, or marry without the consent of the Family Council; (4) a definite share of the total family income shall be divided individually among the members annually, even those who marry into other families; (5) a man should work as long as he lives, and no member of the family should retire as long as he is physically capable of labor; (6) all books and accounts of branches of the family must be submitted and audited by the Central Family Council; (7) success in business depends on employing competent people and using them for the task for which they are fitted. Replace superannuated employees, and employees who have lost their keenness for work, by younger men; (8) too many irons in the fire spell failure. Our house has its own undertakings that are ample enough to employ all the members of the family. Never branch out into other businesses (that is, without the decision of the Family Council); (9) without a solid education no man can supervise others. All the young men of the family shall begin with the humbler tasks of apprentices and

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learn their business from the ground up, and then be sent to branches to show what they can do on their own responsibility; (10) good judgment is especially necessary in business. It is better to take a small loss to-day than a bigger loss to-morrow; (11) members of the family shall take council together in all of their important dealings, in order to avoid mistakes. If an evil man appear among them, let the Family Council deal with him as he deserves; (12) you were born in the gods' country: serve the gods, honor the Emperor, love your country, and do your duty as citizens.

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MINOR NOTES

A PICTURESQUE adventure with a sufficient element of suffering and tragedy ended last month with the departure of the Russian steamer Mongugai from Shanghai for the North, carrying back to their own country what are left of the Cossacks who fled when Siberia's Maritime Provinces were taken over by the Bolsheviki. As the expedition originally sallied forth to seek its fortunes in three vessels, and as it is returning in one, there has evidently been considerable wastage during the interval. Since the White Cossacks sailed southward they have performed a certain amount of work for the Japanese during the unsettled times in Manchuria and Northern China. Many of them were among the fighters around Shanghai, where they were marooned for the last twelve months of their exile. When both China and Japan recognized the Soviet Government the situation of these Cossacks, who at one time made a brief sojourn on shipboard in Manila Harbor, became increasingly precarious, especially as they were now out of funds. Dissensions broke out between the men and some of their officers, and eventually the Red flag was hoisted over their sole remaining vessel, and the repentant Whites are going back to Russia, presumably converts to the Communist gospel.

OASKA, Japan's principal industrial city, amalgamated with its suburbs on the first of April. The municipality now has more than two million inhabitants, and ranks as fifth largest city in the world.

Who gets it? — *P'st*, Constantinople

The Geneva Disarmament Conference. — *Lachen Links*, Berlin

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SOME BOOKS THE WORLD SHOULD KNOW[1]

BY SIR ERNEST BENN

[THE author, who is a British industrial editor and publisher and has written several works on industrial economics, started a lively discussion last March by appealing through the London *Times* for help in compiling a list of the best books on 'sound economics'—that is, objective economics not colored by subjective ideas as to how to reform the world. We print below Sir Ernest's summary of the fruits of this inquiry.]

PRACTICALLY the whole of the British electorate is now discussing economic matters with, for practical purposes, almost a complete absence of that knowledge which must be the first essential for any reasoned opinion on such questions and which ought to be within more easy reach; I mean a clear definition and explanation of the existing order of things. The situation might indeed be described as an almost universal determination to overturn or in some way alter or adjust what is called Capitalism, while scarcely anyone bothers to inquire what Capitalism is.

'It is no affair of the economic student, as such, to consider whether any or all of these payments — rent, interest, wages, and profits — are right or wrong. It is his business to know how and why they are as they are.'

Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher, in this quotation from *Getting and Spending*, describes almost exactly the type of writer for which I am searching; although I think she is wrong in claiming a monopoly of the word 'economics' only for those views which we both share. Surely even Lenin was an economist, however bad his economics may have been.

The word 'economics' has, for a generation, formed a peg on which to hang a variety of theories and the tenets of different schools of thought from the militant Prussian reactionary to the militant Bolshevist iconoclast. The word is claimed indiscriminately by all. Its implications, wrapped up in the ancient Greek words of which it is compounded, are to the average mind so vague and indefinite that it forms a kind of spreading chestnut tree beneath which social and political smiths of any and every degree of extravagant opinion find room to ply their craft.

In earlier days some writers on the management of things concerned with the body politic wrote of them under the heading of political arithmetic, and it is perhaps to be regretted that this older and definite nomenclature has fallen into disuse.

Professor Cannan, discussing the duty of the teacher of economics, in *The Economic Outlook*, says:—

'The first, or almost the first, thing he will do is to try to open the eyes of his pupils to the wonderful way in which the people of the whole civilized world now coöperate in the production of wealth. . . . He will ask them to consider the daily feeding of people in and about London, so closely packed together that they cannot grow anything for their own consumption, and yet every morning their food arrives with unfailing regularity, so that all

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *April* 13, 14

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but an infinitesimal fraction of them would be extremely surprised if they did not find their breakfast ready to hand. To prepare it they use coal which has been dug from great depths hundreds of miles away in the Midlands or Durham; in consuming it they eat and drink products which have come from Wiltshire, Jamaica, Dakota, or China with no more thought than an infant consuming its mother's milk. It is clear that there is in existence some machinery, some organization for production, which, in spite of occasional failures here and there, does its work on the whole with extraordinary success.'

In view of these conditions, I hold that our duty is to search out and define, with a view to the better understanding of them, the laws and forces, the means and processes, which have brought so much good to the majority, rather than to concentrate on the unfortunate minority, with the assumption that everything is wrong, and invent new and untried schemes, which may or may not be for the advantage of the minority, but must certainly risk the established good of the majority. The bulk of the literature generally accepted as economic may be said to take the latter course. It is certainly the line taken by all advocates of socialism. Rather than concentrate on examining the machinery of what is, with a view to developing it and enlarging its scope, these writers dash off into the wilderness of what might be, chasing the mirage of futile desire, and cry for the populace to follow them.

I cannot find more than a very few books which are not endeavoring to push some entirely new scheme for the so-called betterment of mankind. What is called capitalism is almost without a literature. Further, the question arises as to where, in the literature for which we are seeking, shall we draw the line between economics and psychology and ethics. For instance, assuming it to be desirable that all should have meat, are we to allow ourselves to be led away into a discussion of whether the process of killing bullocks is or is not a soul-destroying occupation, and in what proportion ethical considerations should or should not be allowed to weigh? It is not uncommon to find considerations of this kind bulking large in volumes which set out with the avowed purpose of treating of economics.

The necessity is thus laid upon me to define more exactly the line of economic thought along which it is proposed to lead this inquiry and to outline, as definitely as may be, the kind of book for which I am seeking. With this end in view I suggest that we ask ourselves some half-dozen questions.

In the first place, does the book suggest the adoption of new schemes or plans rather than endeavor to explain the existing order of things?

By vetoing works which come under the first category, I automatically exclude the whole literature of socialism. Whether socialism is or is not an unmixed blessing, our first duty is to examine with care the present system which socialism intends to supplant; and, further, as a matter of common justice, it behoves us to look for an exposition of capitalism by someone who believes in it.

I am unable to catalogue more than a very small list which would stand this test. There are, of course, the technical works of the masters of the science, from Adam Smith to Professor Marshall; but these are for the most part necessarily outside the scope of our search for popular literature. Professor Cannan has given us a couple of books, *The Economic Outlook* and *Wealth*, which are within the intellectual range of the general reader and might be described as semitechnical. *Economic Enquiries and Studies*, by Sir Robert

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Giffen, comes within the same class. *The Evolution of Industry*, by Professor Macgregor, brings us a little nearer the popular, and there are quite definitely within the compass of the general reader about half a dozen more of an authoritative character. First and foremost of these is Bastiat's *Economic Sophisms*. Others are: *The Case for Capitalism*, by Hartley Withers; *Economics of Everyday Life*, by Sir W. H. Penson; and *Common Sense Economics*, by Mrs. Le Mesurier.

There are in addition a small number of excellent popular little books which, in my judgment, should be read by the million. Among these may be mentioned: *Getting and Spending*, by Mrs H. A. L. Fisher; *Economics for Beginners*, by Miss M. C. Buer; *The Common Sense of Economic Science*, by Edmund Dane; *Wealth and Work*, by G. W. Gough, *Getting Our Living*, by Fiennes and Pilkington.

It is interesting to note, and is surely a matter of good augury, that two of these writers are women. Several other writers give explanations of things as they are, but only to use them as bases for new suggestions. Thus, Mr. D. H. Robertson's *Money* — one of the excellent new series of Cambridge Economic handbooks, under the editorship of Mr. J. M. Keynes — is a lucid treatise on the function of money, but it is set forth as a foundation on which to build up a case for a controlled currency. The same blemish, for my exclusive purposes, attaches to Mr. St. Loe Strachey's *Economics of the Hour*, which leads up to some useful constructive thought on unemployment.

Hilaire Belloc's *Economics for Helen* is a book which has its uses if applied with discretion. Mr. Belloc adds literary fascination to economic technicalities with the facility, but without the knowledge, of a Bastiat. But his work is only helpful in so far as it opens the mind of the general reader to the complications and difficulties of the subject; it is too light and delightful to be considered as an authoritative contribution to knowledge. Mr. Belloc, however, distributes his cynicism with such an even hand between the various schools of thought that on balance he is harmless.

My second test will be the attitude which the book adopts toward the Industrial Revolution. In November 1883 Sir Robert Giffen, in his presidential address to the Royal Statistical Society, showed that fifty years of industrial development and economic freedom had produced an unparalleled improvement in the standard of living for the people as a whole. About the same time the first effects of popular education began to awaken the conscience of the people to such questions as the care of infant life and housing, and most of our economic writers have since assumed that the Industrial Revolution was the cause of the bad conditions which prevailed in those days. Does our book, therefore, recognize the great services to the community rendered by what is understood as the Industrial Revolution?

Mrs. Lillian Knowles, in *Industrial and Commercial Revolutions*, with guarded impartiality, comes to the conclusion that it was good. Mr. W. Vaughan Wilkins, in a recently published pamphlet, *Sidelights on Industrial Evolution*, says that, bad as were the conditions in the early factories, they were infinitely better than those which preceded them. He is the only writer who boldly challenges the commonly accepted theory with regard to this era. Indeed, judgment appears to have gone against it, as it were, by default. With the exception of Mrs. Knowles and Mr. Wilkins, I know of no one who has attempted a full statement of its case, and it has remained, so to

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speak, in the position of a man on trial after the opening speech of the prosecuting counsel.

My next question is, Does the book approach its subject from the point of view of the producer or the consumer?

Possibly the best general popular economic treatise is Clay's *Economics for the General Reader;* yet Professor Clay himself would probably plead guilty to a tendency to look at these questions through the spectacles of the worker. If it were possible for all to consume without working, all would be well; but merely to aim at work, regardless of consumption, is as uneconomic as an attempt to fill up the sea with sand.

Then, further, we must ask what attitude does our book adopt towards Competition?

The popular literature of economics fails hopelessly to give due emphasis to the question. Competition in the field of economics is a force of equal importance to gravity in the physical world; yet it is difficult to find a writer who really makes an effort to analyze and explain the workings of Competition. Almost invariably it is regarded as a curse rather than a blessing. One of its leading virtues, that of a market-maker, is seldom even attributed to it, and scarcely anyone inquires what the world would be like if there had never been competition. I can catalogue no popular writer who, in my view, tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about Competition.

> The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
> Is not to fancy what were fair in life
> Provided it could be, but, finding first
> What may be, then find how to make it fair
> Up to our means.

If Browning had been a scientific economist instead of a poet he would no doubt have pointed out that the search for what 'may be' would be facilitated by a knowledge of 'what is.'

My next point of inquiry is, Does the book deal with loss? — a most serious consideration which is very commonly ignored. My suggestion is that a book cannot class itself as economic if it fails to deal with the question of loss. This criterion again, curiously enough, rules out the literature of socialism, for it is essentially a failing of the socialist writer that he divides profits and utterly ignores losses. The numerous books of this class in my possession, including those of Mr. Sidney Webb, are for the most part carefully and copiously indexed, yet nowhere among all these indexes does the word 'loss' appear — a significant fact. Indeed, it can be charged against almost every book that has been suggested to me that far too little attention is paid to loss, and practically no emphasis is laid on the point that the first function of profit is to balance loss.

Few writers have taken as much notice of the question as Professor Marshall, who, in *Principles of Economics*, writes: 'The number of those who succeed in business is but a small percentage of the whole. . . . In order . . . to find the average profits of a trade we must not divide the aggregate profits made in it by the number of those who are making them, nor even by that number added to the number who have failed; but from the aggregate profits of the successful we must subtract the aggregate losses of those who have failed, and perhaps disappeared from the trade; and we must then divide the remainder by the sum of the number of those who have succeeded and those who have failed. It is probable that the true gross earning of management — that is the excess of profits over interest — is not on the average more than half, and in some risky trades not more than a tenth part, of what it appears to be to persons who form their estimates of the

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profitableness of a trade by observation only of those who have secured its prizes.'

A further inquiry must be: Does the book accept trade-unionism without question? Does it explore the possibilities of a non-unionist state of affairs, or does it take it for granted that the trade-union principle is necessarily in the interests of the workingman?

By this I am not suggesting that our book should hold trade-unionism to be wrong, but I look for an examination and discussion of its principles. If Trade-Union Acts are to be accepted as on a level with the Acts of the Apostles, I urge that the Church itself indulges in higher criticism and rightly subjects these to proper examinations and tests, and if trade-unionism is sound it cannot but be for its good that there should be serious and searching examination of its principles.

Mr. J. H. Bunting is the only man who, to my knowledge, has in recent years ventured upon a scientific examination of the theory of trade-unionism. Many writers have attacked trade-unions, more object to their practices, others discuss the respective merits of craft or industrial unions, but none except Bunting has examined at all thoroughly the theories involved. He wrote a somewhat heavy and difficult little book called *Is Trade Unionism Sound?* This was printed, in proof, by the Garton Foundation, and circulated to its associate members, but was suppressed as too dangerous for general publication. I felt it my duty some years ago to republish this very unattractive and abstruse piece of reasoning by which Bunting arrives at the conclusion that if, instead of standard wages, every man would take the best offered, then wages would rise indefinitely, production would increase enormously, and there would be a surplus instead of a shortage of material wealth.

Bunting may be wrong, but it can be charged against modern economic literature, as a whole, that he is practically alone in the attempt to reason out the theories of combination in labor.

A further test which might be applied to our book on economics occurs to me, and that is the question, 'How would such a book appeal to a mind not steeped in the complications and intricacies of English politics — to an American, for instance, or a Japanese?' I cannot speak for Japan, but I can, to some extent, speak for America, where W. A. Appleton was disowned some years ago as a Bolshevist by the American Federation of Labor because he supported workmen's compensation; where old-age pensions and health insurance are regarded as dangerous revolutionary proposals; where half the population own their houses and every other family possesses a motor-car; where production and efficiency are twin deities universally worshiped; and where the wealth per head of the population exceeds anything known in the previous experience of the world. Such popular works on economics as America countenances would be considered almost unreadable here,— for example, *The Things That Are Cæsar's*, by Guy Morrison Walker, *Man to Man*, by John Leitch,— while our own writings are for the most part unintelligible to the American.

I am fully conscious that in making these restrictions I am setting myself a task which is on a par with a search for the philosopher's stone. To look for a single book which will conform to each and all of the foregoing canons is admittedly to hunt for a needle in a haystack, and to attempt to find one hundred such books would be madness.

There remains in addition a further general limitation. I am dealing only with the structure of society or Economics within the wider meaning of the

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term, and this of necessity excludes a mass of useful publications concerned with subjects of a more specialized type, such as Land, Agriculture, Shipping, and so forth. There are also a number of books on special war-problems, which are books on economics but are not within the scope of our inquiry; these are ruled out on the ground that, to a large extent, they come under the category of current Political Literature. Such are *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, by J. M. Keynes, and *Labour and Capital After the War*, edited by Sir Sydney Chapman, and a most valuable work which has recently been published by various writers in conjunction, under the title of *Is Unemployment Inevitable?* There will naturally be a number of authors who will not be included, and who may feel that their writings are deserving of a place in my list. To these in advance I offer a very earnest apology and plead that my inquiry from its very nature cannot pretend to be complete or exhaustive. All that I can hope to do is to direct public attention to a problem which is worthy of more serious consideration than it has yet received.

To summarize the results of my investigations, it may be said that the books which have been sent to me are very largely not discussions on things that are so much as dissertations on things that might be. It would seem that what is called Economic Literature, judging from the volumes in my possession, might be roughly classified as: 75 per cent suggestions for change — Socialism in all its forms; 20 per cent objections to change — anti-Socialism; 5 per cent description and analysis of the existing order of things.

The works which I classify as anti-Socialist contain in their subject-matter a great deal of information on 'what is,' as also do the writings of the Socialists. Thus to understand the machinery to which Professor Cannan refers in the quotation I have given from his *Economic Outlook*, the student is doomed to the weary task of wading through masses of literature written with another object. He must either read the special pleadings of the reformers of various schools, or the writings of those who are concerned to show that the reformers are wrong. There is almost no other course open to him. If one can imagine a science of physiology worked out without any knowledge of anatomy, one gets a rough idea of the plight as I see it of the science of political economy as pursued to-day.

All therefore that I can do is to publish a list of good sound books, varying widely in scope, which for the most part would be more correctly described as anti-Socialist works. The whole inquiry discloses a dangerous position. The present generation is growing up without knowledge or instruction regarding the system under which it lives; having its attention continually focused upon inequalities which are inevitable under any system, and is being urged, with no lamp of understanding within its reach, to embrace doctrines embodying the destruction of all that the past centuries of industrial advancement and development have patiently built up. The following list should at least be useful to the mass of earnest people who are anxious to have something to weigh against the great political effort to upset, destroy, or weaken the present structure of society.

This list falls well short of the hundred standard, but even if allowance is made for the many omissions of which I must necessarily be guilty, it demonstrates beyond question how few books we possess which may be classed as sound and popular works on general economics, and how badly the serious student is handicapped.

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THE FINAL LIST

Case for Capitalism, by Hartley Withers. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson. 2*s*. 6*d*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Common Sense of Economic Science, by Edmund Dane. Mills & Boon. 5*s*.

Common Sense Economics, by Mrs. Le Mesurier. John Murray. 6*s*.

Defence of Liberty, by Brett. T. Fisher Unwin. 12*s*. 6*d*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Democracy, by W. H. Mallock. Chapman & Hall. 6*s*.

Democracy and Capital, by W. B. Faraday. John Murray. 8*s*.

Democracy and Labour, by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan & Co. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Distribution of Income, by Wm. Smart. Macmillan & Co. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Economic Inquiries and Studies, by Robert Giffen. G. Bell & Sons. 2 vols., 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

Economic Liberty, by Harold Cox. Longmans, Green & Co. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Economic Organization of England, by Wm. Ashley. Longmans, Green & Co. 5*s*.

Economic Outlook, by Edwin Cannan. P. S. King & Son. 5*s*.

Economic Sophisms, by F. Bastiat. T. Fisher Unwin. 7*s*. 6*d*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Economics for Beginners, by Miss M. C. Buer. George Routledge & Sons. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Economics and Ethics, by J. A. R. Marriott. Methuen & Co. 10*s*. 6*d*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Economics of Everyday Life, by T. W. H. Penson. Cambridge University Press. 2 vols., 4*s*. each.

Economics for the General Reader, by Henry Clay. Macmillan & Co. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Economics of the Hour, by J. St. Loe Strachey. Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s*. 6*d*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Economics of Progress, by J. M. Robertson. T. Fisher Unwin. 12*s*. 6*d*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Economics and Syndicalism, by A. W. Kirkaldy. Cambridge University Press. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Evolution of Industry, by D. H. McGregor. Williams & Norgate. 2*s*. 6*d*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

First Principles of Political Economy, by Charles Gide. George Harrap & Co. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Getting Our Living, by Fiennes and Pilkington. G. Bell & Sons. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Getting and Spending, by Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher. W. Collins Sons & Co. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Hope of the Workers, by Austin Hopkinson. Hopkinson. 1*s*.

Industrial and Commercial Revolutions, by Mrs. L. Knowles. George Routledge & Sons. 7*s*. 6*d*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Introduction to the Study of Prices, by W. T. Layton. Macmillan & Co. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Is Trade Unionism Sound? by J. H. Bunting. Benn Bros. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Is Unemployment Inevitable? Essays by various writers. Macmillan & Co. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Karl Marx and Modern Socialism, by F. R. Salter. Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.

Labour Policy False and True, by Lynden Macassey. Thornton Butterworth. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Labour and Profits, by Boyd Cable. Jarrold & Sons. 1*s*.

On Liberty, by John Stuart Mill. J. M. Dent & Sons. 2*s*.

Man versus the State, by Herbert Spencer. Watts & Co. 6*d*.

Menace of Socialism, by W. W. Paine. Jarrold & Sons. 1*s*.

Money and Money's Work, by F. Y. Walters. St. Catherine Press. 2*s*.

My Life and Work, by Henry Ford and S. Crowther. William Heinemann. 6*s*. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Nationalization of Industries, by Lord Emmott. T. Fisher Unwin. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Porter's Progress of the Nation, by F. W. Hirst. Methuen & Co. 21*s*.

Self Help, by Samuel Smiles. John Murray. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Sidelights on Industrial Evolution, by W. Vaughan Wilkins. Jarrold & Sons. 1*s*.

Socialist Movement, by A. Shadwell. Philip Allan & Co. 2 vols., 3*s*. 6*d*. each.

State in Its Relation to Trade, by Lord Farrer. Macmillan & Co. 4*s*.

State Socialism in Practice, by Archibald Hurd. Philip Allan & Co. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Supply and Demand, by H. D. Henderson. Nisbet & Co. 5*s*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Trade Unions, by W. A. Appleton. Philip Allan & Co. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Wealth, by Edwin Cannan. P. S. King & Son. 6*s*.

Wealth, by A. W. Kirkaldy. Methuen. 5*s*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith. J. M. Dent & Sons. 2 vols., 2*s*. each. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Wealth and Work, by G. W. Gough. George Philip & Son. 2*s*. 6*d*.

What is Capital? by H. A. Jones. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson. 2*s*. 6*d*.

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A GOOD LONDONER[1]

CHARLES LAMB LEAVES INDIA HOUSE

YESTERDAY fell, and to-day will be celebrated, one of the pleasantest anniversaries in literature — pleasant because the event which happened that day a hundred years ago was eagerly anticipated by him whom it befell, and wholly delightful to him at the time, even if the sequel was less exhilarating. On March 29, 1825, Charles Lamb, aged fifty, and for the last thirty-three years a servant of the East India Company, was retired on a pension. 'I have left,' he wrote that same day to Crabb Robinson, 'the d —— d India House forever. Give me joy' — and he exulted in the prospect of his friends' congratulations.

There is no need to recall the familiar details, for they are related by Lamb himself in his own incomparable manner, and every circumstance connected with the incident has been put faithfully on record by well-organized biography. But it is the happiest anniversary that can be kept of Lamb's not too happy life, as well as one of the classics of emancipation, and as such worthy to be remembered, and pondered for its moral, by all salaried functionaries who live for a like release.

If there are lovers of Lamb who resent his 'servitude' in the India House, they should try to think what would have been the alternative to this sheet anchor. That Lamb was miserable there must not be inferred from his ecstatic welcome of dismissal with the very necessary competence in his fob. Like many a normal man in a similar position, he overstated the hardness of fate which had kept him regularly employed. But he had grown tired of attending daily in Leadenhall Street, his health was not good, and he had already left the Temple, in which it is easiest to imagine him most congenially at home, for semirural Islington and the waters of Sir Hugh Myddelton. His most intense cockney period had, in fact, come to an end. Though he never held as high a post in the India House as James Mill and Thomas Love Peacock, he was latterly in the receipt of fairly good pay, and it is pretty certain that his superiors were prepared to make allowances for their wayward subordinate. 'Pray, Mr. Lamb,' the story goes, 'what are you about?' 'Forty next birthday.' 'I don't like your answer,' says the chief. 'Nor I your question,' replies Lamb. The affection which Lamb entertained toward the scenes of his daily labors is expressed, as everyone knows, in the essay on the 'Superannuated Man,' where his 'works,' his colleagues, and his hat-peg all receive their due.

So we shall not hold that literature was the loser by Leadenhall Street. There is this to be said for it positively: after the Temple and Christ's Hospital had initiated Lamb as a child and a boy into the life of London, Leadenhall Street, involving a daily walk to and fro, confirmed him as a cockney, and compelled him with other circumstances to make the best of his narrow round. Lamb was more tied to his office than most literary clerks have

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *April* 13, 14

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been since, for he was free only on Sundays, though he had a month's holiday in the summer, which he spent in the country, often at one or the other of the universities; and in spite of his constant praise of the streets, he was as glad as any ordinary Londoner to escape periodically into the fields. But Londoner he was, and it is as a Londoner *par excellence* that he will always be remembered, though he speaks of a certain hard name for Londoners as if he did not altogether relish it; and, compared with other cockneys of the same epoch, he was decidedly free from some of their worst vices.

It is natural, perhaps, to compare Lamb's passion for London with that of another great denizen of the Temple, who died when Lamb was but a child of nine — Johnson; but beyond a common preference for the metropolis there can be no further parallel between the two. Even in this context, to be ranked with Johnson would probably be distasteful to Lamb, for his contempt for the Doctor and his works was not concealed; there was nothing oracular or mysterious in Johnson or in the processes of his mind, as there was in Sir Thomas Browne's; and Lamb's own style represents the revolt against the leaden mace of the *Rambler* about as far as it could go. But the men who were born in the seventies of the eighteenth century were very soon to show that they would have no more wigs and long *s*'s.

There is no such whimsical distillation of the essence of London in Dr. Johnson as there is in Lamb. Yet it was much the same London that both looked upon with their physical eyes; for it was still compact enough in Lamb's day to allow a walker to escape from its centre on any radius two miles or so long. The London of Lamb was the final phase of the walker's metropolis. Walking, while Lamb was on his thin legs, was still the most practical way of getting about London and out of it. A good walker like Lamb would therefore be naturally disposed to reckon the stages of his peregrinations not by miles or half-miles, but by pints and half-pints. A walker's London, then, was Lamb's, as Thackeray's was a cab-hirer's or carriage-owner's, or as ours is a taxicab and tube London; and to one living in the thick of it offering minutiæ of all kinds for close and almost compulsory inspection.

Gay, a century before, perambulated the town in the same way, and so did Johnson: but with this supreme difference — that the Johnsonian eye was anything but romantic, whereas Lamb's was. Lamb's was Wordsworth's London, where observation is enforced with fancy: the dazzling wares, the blazoned names, the tradesmen's honors, the shop-fronts inscribed like title-pages, the allegoric shapes like guardian saints.

Wordsworth's description anticipates Lamb by a few years, as Lamb precedes one who cannot but owe something to him — Dickens, who retained that outlook until the vision was exhausted. When the possibility is remembered that Lamb, as a child in the Temple, may have seen Dr. Johnson, whose works he grew up to dislike, and as an elderly man might have known Dickens, and might have read the *Pickwick Papers* if he had lived a little longer, the bridge made by Lamb as a good Londoner becomes plain.

Learned commentators, relying, it is true, on Lamb's own word for it (for Lamb, despite some excellent modern biography, is still his own best biographer), explain by what means, and by what study of Shakespeare and other authors, mostly poets, Lamb rid himself of any taint

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of eighteenth-century pomposity, and how it was that by being sincere, and by taking up with what he liked, and not attempting to take up with what did not suit his fancy, he made himself the clearest and most English writer of his day. But there is less disposition to recognize that the very limitations which Lamb had to endure were beneficial to him. His circumscribed world, his daily passage from the Temple to the office, his disregard for fashion, politics, and metaphysics, his interest on the other hand in all the pictures he could go to see, the theatres, and the bookstalls; his friends, each commended to him by what they genuinely were and genuinely could do; his and his sister's snug card parties and glorious Wednesday evenings, seem, as we read of them, to have filled his mind ideally without dissipating it. It is hardly possible that such conditions for authorship should ever occur again in London. Lamb pressed the aroma out of them and bottled it for all time.

The elixir may not be the quintessence of his age. There were developments going on around him of which he was in bland ignorance. He criticized his friends' works without fear or favor; he cared nothing for Byron, Shelley, or Keats, and rated Scott's novels not highly. One cannot but wonder what Wordsworth, the peasant, thought of his inveterate punning, and his habit of perverse merriment when other men are wont to be anxious or sad; but there is nothing really heartless even in Lamb's worst jests; 'lovable' and 'gentle' are the epithets which all are agreed to apply to him. 'Saint Charles,' Thackeray named him.

There must needs be minds, however — Lamb has foreseen them for us — to whom he will not be weighty enough, not ballasted enough. One such, who came from Scotland, full of fire and fervor and seriousness, seems to have been fooled to the top of his bent by Lamb when he visited him at Enfield. Thomas Carlyle's narrative of his encounter with Lamb, though remorseless, is much too good to be lost. Il Penseroso's view of L'Allegro (albeit rather a broken-down and saddened Allegro) is expressed in such a way as to present an eternal antithesis. So also is what may be taken as Lamb's answer, though it was really an anticipation — a masterly but not unkindly analysis of the Caledonian mind, with his reasons for not wishing to be brought into contact with it. There was a most disconcerting power of intellectual resistance in Lamb, which London had given him, and gives even now to her children when they are in need of it.

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PILLARS OF GOVERNMENT[1]

SPANISH CHARACTER STUDIES

[THE paragraphs that follow are selected from a longer article by an eminent Spanish author who conceals his name for reasons of prudence.]

LAST August Alfonso XIII remarked to a sportsman friend at a northern seaside resort: 'I knew that Primo de Rivera was a flippant fellow, but I did n't think he was so stupid.'

A palace army-intrigue had just failed. It was the first serious effort made by the disaffected generals to overthrow the Dictator. Its leader, Cavalcanti, Chief Adjutant of His Majesty, is famous in only two ways — as a nonentity and as a grouch. To substitute him for Primo de Rivera would have been putting an ill-humored fool in the place of a good-natured fool — and the King at the last moment threw his influence in the scales for Primo. The latter gentleman thereupon indulged in an insulting note in which he mentioned his vanquished enemies without designating them by name. It was this note that prompted the King's remark. Meanwhile Primo de Rivera was grumbling privately to his friends: 'I know the King is trying to make a fool of me; but we 'll see.'

He gallops down the Paseo de la Castellana on a sunny winter day in Madrid, and the ladies, on seeing him, say to each other: 'There goes Primo de Rivera.' He crosses the foyer of the Opera between the first and second acts, and stands a few steps from his guards, drinking in with delight the curiosity — or can it be the admiration? — of the spectators. He attends sumptuous banquets in the palaces of the high nobility, for he is not only Dictator, but also a marquis and grandee, entitled to wear his hat before the King. He disembarks in Italy to hobnob with Mussolini. He visits a provincial capital where he rides through the streets in an open carriage with the retired brigadier-general who is acting-alcalde on his right. A bishop blesses him and he is well fed. The officials of the Patriotic Union, a few unmilitary-looking citizens with rifles on their shoulders representing the local guard, and the town police cheer him. He condescends to grace a week-end party at a country house — possibly a beach resort, where a pretty girl asks him to dance. Ah, the General does not know the modern dances. Never mind, we will have an old-fashioned waltz. The General lays aside his sword and dances — Mars captured by Psyche. He presides at university commencements, unveils statues, gives crosses and medals, invokes Isabella I, harangues Santiago in his sepulchre, appeals to martyrs and heroes. And rarely does he deliver a speech in which he does not refer to the ladies. Thus fêted wherever he goes, the Dictator has led a jolly, strenuous, triumphant life for a whole year.

Primo de Rivera attacks public questions with the most ingenuous audacity. In one of his speeches he exclaimed, 'Governing is very easy.' He addresses a crowd of countrymen,

[1] From *Nosotros* (Buenos Aires literary and political review), *February*

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urging them to keep bees and plant trees, and grows eloquent over the profits of raising rabbits and chickens. Talking in Jerez, his native city, which owes its fame to its horses and its wine, Primo de Rivera related this little anecdote: 'One day His Majesty the King said to me, "You govern very well; where did you learn it?" "Sire," I answered, "in the club at Jerez." Upon which His Majesty observed, "Yes, one can see you have had close contact with the people."'

This is Primo's preparation for his present post. This is what makes governing so 'easy.' At the same time he shares with Flaubert's hero regret at not having laid the foundations of this profession earlier. He bewails the fact that he 'has misspent his life,' instead of preparing himself by serious studies to make Spain happy. He expects to leave a great reputation behind him, but to make it little by little, step by step. Shortly after he seized power his fellow citizens at Jerez wanted to show him some mark of respect — to erect a monument or a statue in his honor, or to name a street after him. I do not recall just what it was. Primo de Rivera telegraphed, 'It is too early yet. Defer your honors until I have finished my job.'

The Dictator is a typical example of the conceited army-officer, of the headstrong, unsubstantial *señorito* whom hazard has pushed to the front. He is as childish as a fifteen-year-old boy, and governed by motives of personal vanity. His chief anxiety is 'to get ahead of the others.' His public utterances advertise with embarrassing frankness the gulf between his pretensions and his capacity. He has no reticence whatever. One would suppose he was a good-natured jollier, who affected frankness to conceal his real intentions, if facts did not prove the contrary. He lacks both the talent and the self-control for even that degree of subtlety. His intense personal vanity is oddly combined with an incredible flippancy of manner. He possesses no advantages of education and culture to correct these native defects. His ethical code is limited to a bundle of conventional army prejudices. He has no knowledge or appreciation of the real qualities of his country, and knows nothing of its eminent men.

When he exiled Unamuno out of personal pique, he did not know who that writer and scholar was. He thought him 'a miserable Greek professor' who had been presumptuous enough to blunder into the field of public affairs. Several weeks later, when Primo was at Bilbao, Unamuno's native town, he was entertained at the home of the alcalde. A relative and guest of that functionary, who knew Unamuno intimately and was indignant at the outrage perpetrated upon him, refused at first to meet Primo de Rivera or to sit down at table with him. Finally he yielded to the persuasions of the alcalde on this condition: that he should be free to tell Primo de Rivera precisely what he thought of the way he had treated Unamuno. It was so agreed. During the course of the dinner the Bilbao gentleman warmly eulogized Unamuno's literary attainments and reputation, and placed a dozen of his works before the Dictator, advising him to take them with him and read them. The General made no attempt to conceal his ignorance. He took two volumes, one of them Unamuno's *Life of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza*. Evidently he actually glanced them over — with this unique result. In this book Unamuno gives his comments upon the doings and sayings of the knight and his squire added force by the literary device of pretending that both heroes were real persons, who were much superior to what they were

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represented to be by Cervantes. This fiction, which any schoolboy ought to see through, aroused the wrath of the Dictator. He wrote an official note denouncing certain unworthy Spaniards for 'venturing to deny that Cervantes was the real creator of Quixote.'

Because of the victim's prominence, Unamuno's deportation is the most conspicuous instance of personal retaliation in which the Dictator has indulged. But there have been other cases, where men have been imprisoned or exiled, and their property seized. Still, Primo is not sanguinary. He is not great in any direction, even cruelty. He is a boaster, self-willed, fond of appearances, but a soft man at heart, without the fibre to incur serious responsibility. He has been very sparing of pardons. He ordered some common criminals to be tried by court-martial — though that was contrary to law — and sentenced with unusual promptness. For this he was heralded as a stern champion of law and order. But he has never yet inflicted a death sentence for political reasons. This does not show that he is humane, for he has encountered no resistance to justify stern measures. To be sure, he might have resorted to preventive terrorism. Some hoped that he would. A few of those nearest to him would have done so. In fact, Primo de Rivera's personal temperament has given his dictatorship an aspect of unintelligent buffoonery instead of the dark and savage character it might have assumed in the hands of a man like General Martínez Anido.

The latter general is the ominous figure in the Government. He is not a member of the Directory, but only a subsecretary. Since there are no regular ministers, however, he has become, under the generals in the Directory, the head of a department of the Government. Although technically a subordinate, no one confuses him with the modest *pékins*, or armchair marionettes, who nominally administer other departments.

Martínez Anido represents a force and a policy. He has a history — and what a history! About 1920, after a serious strike in Barcelona, he was appointed Governor of Catalonia. Few people knew who he was. He himself announced upon taking office: 'I have served in Cuba and the Philippines. I ought to be serving in Africa. The Government has sent me here — I assume, because a state of war prevails here.' Thereupon he proceeded to repress revolutionary syndicalism by the simple process of shooting down its leaders on the public streets of Barcelona. This campaign resulted, according to Martínez Anido himself, in five hundred killings. That is the official figure; the real number is probably larger. Had it not been for the backing of Barcelona employers, plus a conspiracy of silence on the part of the Government and the timidity of the press, which did not dare to peep about what was going on, Martínez Anido would not have ventured to shoot a single man, nor, having done so, could he have remained in office a day longer. But he found in Barcelona what he wanted — encouragement, material assistance, suppression of facts. He was the Lord High Executioner — and a most competent one — of the vengeance that burned in the bosom of Barcelona's rich employers. That does not exculpate the General, but it throws lurid light upon the ethical standards of certain 'refined and cultured' circles in that city.

Martínez Anido's policy cost the life of the Spanish Premier, Señor Dato, who was assassinated in Madrid by three Catalan workmen. I do not re-

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member that a single voice was lifted among the voluble mourners around the slaughtered statesman's body to proclaim the connection between that crime and the crimes committed by the authorities in Barcelona. Two years after Martínez Anido was appointed, he was relieved of his office by a Conservative Government. Apparently the Cabinet thought the General was going too far. It was reported in Parliament that he was executing people at Barcelona by tying stones around their necks and throwing them into the harbor. None the less, leading business men of that city held a public meeting to protest against the Government's action, accused it of sympathizing with the Bolsheviki, and clamored that public security was in danger.

The official terrorists used two favorite devices. One was to march convoys of prisoners by highway from one end of Spain to the other, on meagre prison-rations, in the custody of several guards, who afforded them every temptation to attempt escape. When they tried it they were summarily shot down. The other was to hire gangs of gunmen who likewise killed with impunity in the streets of Barcelona persons accused of plotting against the employers. Both measures were suggested to Martínez Anido by a Barcelona striker. This man told the Governor that his comrades feared a road march from Barcelona to Cádiz more than a year in prison, and also that what was needed to break the cooks' strike then occurring was 'pistols and a blind police.'

A regular scale of reprisals was established for attacks upon employers. It rose in geometrical progression. For the first offense one man was killed for one man attacked; in the second case two workers were killed for one employer attacked; and so on until the ratio became ten or twenty for one.

'One day,' Martínez Anido related later, 'they came and told me that twenty-one men were lying dead in the hospital with their toes in the air. I said to myself: "That's one too many."'

It was decided that if a single gendarme were killed every syndicalist under arrest should die for it. The syndicalists killed two gendarmes. The time had come to act. The plan would have been carried out 'if it had not been for the opposition of two local authorities' — opposition that Martínez Anido ascribed to the fact that his associates were 'chicken-livered.'

Naturally such conditions encouraged wholesale corruption. A horde of spies and traitors, each trying 'to get something' on the other, furnished food for the gunmen. No one was safe. It was impossible to say by whom or against whom the latest purchased evidence was laid. The very chiefs of the revolutionary terrorists were in league with the police, whose business it was to turn them over to the assassin when their hour came. In this inferno the victims were not merely calloused criminals of rival gangs who murdered each other for a few pesetas, but also innocent men of high reputation, like the lawyer Layret, who enjoyed the respect of the whole community. Some Labor leaders, like Salvador Segui, known as 'Sugar Nut,' were marked for death several months before they actually were murdered.

Such crimes did not cease after Martínez Anido was removed, but the organized system of combating crime with crime came to an end.

Thereupon the criminal gangs mobilized and trained by the terrorist police, finding themselves out of employment, took to robbing banks. This new diversion aroused a new panic. The Directory utilized the general indignation and alarm to make capital for

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itself. It promised to exterminate the gunmen.

When Martínez Anido left office in Barcelona it was generally supposed that he would be assassinated. Precedent justified that prediction. During his term of office nine attempts were made to kill him, seven times with arms and twice with poison. Some of these were probably faked by his entourage to get money out of him, but others were serious enough. His predecessor as Governor of Barcelona, the Marquis of Salvatierra, had been shot down shortly after leaving office. Another ex-governor had also fallen a victim to the vengeance of his enemies. So Martínez Anido had good reason to fear for his life. He dodged from one place to another as secretly as he could, finally taking refuge on an island off the coast of Galicia, where a Vigo Republican gave him asylum.

Suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, the recent recluse reappeared in public. A Liberal Cabinet appointed him Commanding General of the Melilla zone in Morocco. This was not exactly a restoration to public favor, but it put him in the way of recovering his reputation.

Who urged it or demanded it? Probably the army juntas or the King. A Cabinet of the Left could not dispense with the services of Martínez Anido. They were important. He was in Africa only a short time. He was commanding at Melilla when Dris ben Said, a Moor friendly to Spain, and Anido's principal agent in dealing with the natives, was assassinated. He made ambitious plans for a Spanish advance. They were not approved, and he returned to Spain in high dudgeon. When the Directory seized power he seemed to be out of it. No place was found for him at first. Finally he was appointed to his present post, where he remains both a menace and a hope. He boasts of possessing the nerve required of a real ruler, and bewails Primo de Rivera's compromises. In case of serious trouble, he aspires to be 'the providential man.' Neither scruples nor doubts would paralyze his arm. He is still fond of saying, 'My conscience does not accuse me of ever having harmed a single person.'

One closing anecdote about Morocco. I have referred to the death of Dris ben Said at the time when Martínez Anido commanded at Melilla. In September 1923 the Directory promised the country a speedy and satisfactory solution of the Morocco question. In the spring of 1924 it was still talking about Morocco, where nothing so far had been done. A little later it announced that the deeply matured plans of the Government with regard to Morocco were 'hampered by the activity of the rebellious Moors.' This was presented as a new and unanticipated difficulty. In order to meet it, the Directory wished to negotiate with Abd-el Krim. But what emissary would be bold enough to carry this message directly to the Moro chieftain?

Finally Don Horacio de Echevarrieta was selected. He was asked to make some kind of bargain with the rebel leader. Echevarrieta did not want the job. Finally he was summoned to the Palace, where the King and Primo de Rivera joined forces to overcome his reluctance.

'I 'll try it,' that gentleman finally exclaimed. 'I 'll try it for the good of the country and to stop further effusion of blood. But I must point out that my influence with the Moors has been greatly weakened since one of Spain's best friends among them was assassinated.'

'Assassinated! Who?' asked the King.

'Dris ben Said.'

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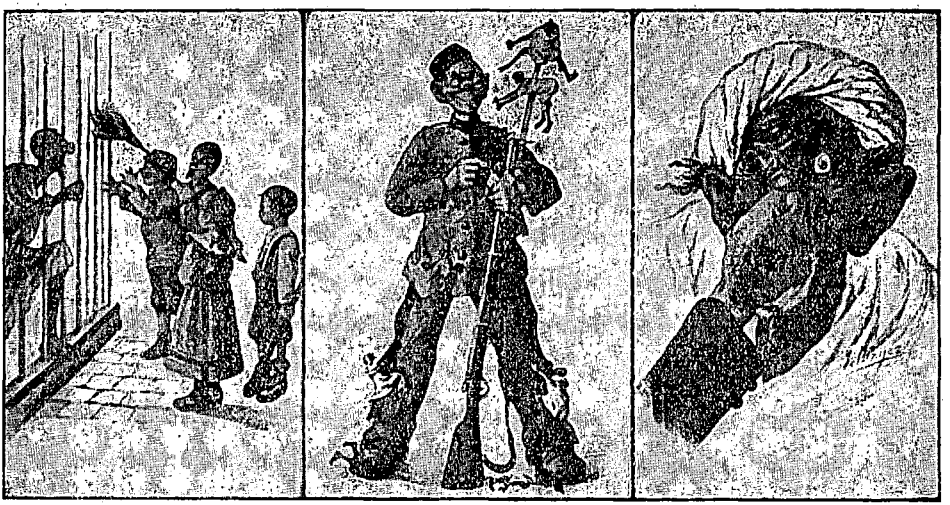
'Who assassinated him?'

'We, the Spaniards.'

The King did not pursue his inquiries further, but the result of the conversation, and of a yacht trip that Echevarrieta subsequently took from Bilbao to an African landing near Alhucemas, was zero.

CIVILIZING MOROCCO



MOORISH PRISONER | INFANTRY SOLDIER | BLACKAMOOR'S HEAD

The above illustrations are from a series of picture postal cards published by the Spanish army for propaganda against the Moors. They were drawn by J. Ibañez, printed by the publishing house Ediciones Victoria, and engraved by N. Coll Salietti. Their numbers in the series, reading from left to right, are 902, 872, and 874.

EPITAPHS IN ADVANCE[1]

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

II. A. E. HOUSMAN

Tell me not here; it needs not saying
that, quitting his Elysium
each spring to watch the cherry snowing,
and the green fires of the plum,
lest later lads should miss their message,
singing, the Shropshire lad will come.

[1] From the *Spectator*

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NEIGHBORS ON THE FARM[1]

BY GABRIEL MAURIÈRE

LANDRY and Bécart got along together very badly — so badly indeed that they no longer even swore at one another, and simply pretended not to be acquainted. Landry's face never looked on anything but Bécart's back, while Bécart simply looked right through Landry as if he were contemplating the landscape. For two neighbors to ignore each other in such a way is far worse than quarreling.

All this went back three or four years before the war. Landry was the rich man of the country, whose towering barns encircled a great yard with big warm stables like huge signs of prosperity. Trusting to the soil which fed his life as if it had been some generous spring, he was a free spender, for he liked to stir the dust wherever he went.

Bécart, on the other hand, had come into the world by the gate of chance. Day laborer, fisherman, poacher, brawler, he had one day added to all his other follies the folly of getting married, and his wife had borne him through the years one child after another. Living over there in their wretched cabin, this very imperfectly washed family, with their rags and their noise, were a standing insult to the carefully kept household and the noble buildings of the farm adjoining. There was no safety for the plums; and if the hedges ever allowed a chicken to stray toward the place where the Bécarts lived, that family took good care that the unhappy fowl should never return. It was an untidy house, none too honest, the girls with their hair down their backs shrieking at the door, and a crowd of dirty children. There were times when they would all come tumbling out by the most unexpected openings, half-naked, wriggling like so many worms.

'It is scandalous, Monsieur,' Landry used to say.

Until the war came along, the wretched Bécart remained humble and submissive in his rags like a mangy dog. He often worked at the farm, which was the reason why Landry permitted this blot on his prosperity to remain side by side with it. Then Landry lost his boy in the war and his daughter was all he had left. His servants went off one by one. Hired men grew rare, and soon could not be found at all. Bit by bit the farm declined. A good many of the fields had to go uncultivated and the house began to go to pieces, with bits of cracks in the courtyard, bad spots in the wall, roofs that were losing their tiles. Landry, who had never thought of anything but adding to his lands, and who had always spent lavishly, found himself embarrassed like a man whose clothes are so big he cannot fill them.

Meantime Bécart's big brood — five girls and two boys — went off to the city every day to the hosiery mills which stretched their iron tentacles to suck the lifeblood of the country. You could make good money in them, and sudden prosperity swelled the wretched hovel like a regular cash-drawer: one hundred francs a day came pouring in. Bécart lived nowadays like a kind of sluggish king, haunting the cafés. All

[1] From *Le Figaro* (Paris Radical Party daily), *March* 14

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the world was topsy-turvy. Silk gowns hung in sordid hovels. People had no wish for comfort any more, but only sought to satisfy their appetites. People ate chickens and big roasts brought from the city. All day long the coffee was warming and the fire blazing: Bécart's wife spent her time enlarging her husband's waistline.

And as if to make up for all this, life on the farm grew more and more difficult. Alone with his daughter and a single hired man, Simon (forty years old, who had been on the farm since his childhood and seemed like part of the estate), Landry tried to keep his property going. But he was old. He had none of the fire of earlier days, he bought no more machinery, he stopped going to the fairs, he went about his old routine like a worn-out horse. On one side the trio of slaves to the soil, the girl of twenty-five looking as though she was going to dry up where she stood like an old poppy; on the other the Bécart youngsters with their shirts of artificial silk and their cigarettes, and the girls with their gay clothes and their chignons going to the ball. Bécart beat his wife, but he used to gabble politics and demand a division of property — which was all he understood about Communism. How could you expect that there should not be hatred? Two castes were in conflict — the bitter and silent man of the soil, the careless, ranting laborer. The one was going down while the other rose.

Maria, Landry's daughter, grew bitter. It was like vinegar to her to realize that she was nearing thirty. She hated that brood over there who produced and reproduced, hated their dissipated life, their promiscuity, their city accents, the unknown words they used, those clear faces which contrasted with her own skin which was so sunburned. Was there no way of getting rid of these vermin?

Landry thought to do a good stroke of business with the owner of the farm next his. He exchanged a field, a whole magnificent field, for that miserable little house, and having thus become Bécart's landlord he sent him orders to get out. No use. The whole crowd rose against him: delays, prolongations, what not! And there the matter rested, for Landry was powerless before his tenant, who simply sneered at him. Bécart would have had no trouble finding himself another house. Landry even suggested one at the very end of the district — a much better house, and not very dear. But Bécart laughed and refused, 'No, no, I want to stay in the bourgeois quarter,' and defied Landry, who shrugged his shoulders and then went back angrily, consumed with fury, and followed by the laughter and mockery of the jeering children.

Things might have come to a definite clash, but as a matter of fact they arranged themselves. The older of Bécart's sons was a vulgar fellow who sported fine white linen — the best of the lot at that; and oh, how Maria used to look at him! She had lost two chances to marry by refusing to leave the farm, and now there were no more marriageable young men left in the district. Those still there were too young, the others had not come back from the war. How she used to try in her secret thoughts to separate this sturdy, conceited young workman, with his flashing eyes beneath his cap, and the developing paunch of the well-fed laborer, from the rest of his family. But these are the secrets of a girl in love. Not for anything in the world would she have admitted that if he made her want to hate him, to stamp him out of existence like a cricket, it was really because she loved him and wanted him for herself. What should she learn, however, but that that good-for-nothing Josephine, the superintendent's daughter, a school

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friend, was going to marry young Bécart? Chagrin, disappointment, anger — Maria could not distinguish one from the other in the hateful turmoil that bubbled in her head. In her exasperation her rancor burned like oil.

Ah, he who laughs best laughs last.

They would not leave their cabin, would they? They kept thinking up bad reasons for staying, did they? They wanted to get the deputy to take action? Ah, well, they should go all the same, this blemish on the farm should disappear. That was what Maria's rigid forehead meant, and from the moment she made up her mind she felt calm and masterful. One foggy night, slipping through back ways and by-paths to get there, she crept up beneath the thatched roof that sheltered Bécart's family. It was dark. Suddenly there was a clap of thunder. Crack! She slipped a lighted match into the roof, waited an instant, then fled.

'After all, it is ours. I had a right to do it,' she thought as she leaped the hedge.

The fire on the roof spread, the storm drove the flames on, and from her chamber window Maria could see with beating heart that the whole structure was already glowing and crackling like a dried sheaf on the hearth, and that the vermin were fleeing, dragging out their furniture and their finery with them. Aha, their silk gowns and their Louis XV slippers! She laughed aloud as she thought of them. Then she hurried down with a bucket of water in her hands in case any of the sparks should fall in her own courtyard. In a quarter of an hour everything was over. The next day she went over to see the blackened ashes.

'We must clean this mess up right away,' she said to herself, as she went back in triumph to her own farmhouse which stood there so proud, so bare, so lonely in the field. She glanced over the buildings with a keen eye. 'We need a man's hand about the place,' she thought. 'Father lets things go to pieces.'

In the kitchen she looked at the hired man as he sat at the table, fifteen years older than she, a good solid workman, who would take an interest in the place. Maria's forehead moved in a frown of decision.

'He is better than nothing,' she said to herself, 'and he would be a master for the farm.'

Meantime the peasant, unsuspecting his higher destiny, went on eating.

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FROM A PERSIAN DIARY[1]

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

A PREVIOUS article by this writer, containing an illuminating analysis of national types in Western Asia, appeared in the *Living Age* of January 30, 1925.]

THE bazaar in Teheran, as in most of the larger towns of Persia, offers the best and completest picture of the nation's visible characteristics that this isolated land affords. Life flows on in a Persian town under a sort of dreamy veil. Every movement is slow and sleepy; every face looks drowsily upon the world. Morning, noon, and evening are exactly alike, and fade imperceptibly into slumberous night. One must therefore study the forms and phenomena of this society for a long time before he sees its content, and when he does discover it he finds it different from what he expected.

But the bazaar is a synthesis of all the impenetrable moods and movements dispersed through the leisurely Persian day. Physically it is a rambling labyrinth of halls and passages dimly lighted under their ogival ceilings. The vendors occupy with their wares niche-like recesses in the walls that sometimes extend to the size of tiny rooms. On 'Main Street,' next to little booths filled with worthless haberdashery, are shops shining like oases of modern luxury, displaying the most expensive European and Asiatic silks; close to a rope-walk stand great glass cases filled with wonderfully wrought silver, marvelous fabrics from Bokhara and India, or old 'hunting-rugs' and carpets, with the rarest animal designs, which a trader has hung in front of his shop to attract purchasers. On every hand is a confused display of treasures and trash, of the useful and the useless, of artificial pearls, automatic 'fire-lighters,' aluminum cooking-utensils, automobile parts, and cheap parasols, intermingled with the most wonderful masterpieces of Persian handicraft. All these articles are jumbled together along an interminable passageway, as if they had been carelessly thrown down at haphazard in an untidy show-window. An endless stream of humanity files by — white-collared gentry wearing over their European clothing *abbas* — Arabian cloaks — that sweep the dust; conservative citizens in bright-colored silken caftans and broad sashes; peasants and artisans in coats of blue or colorless faded tints, that come down to their knees; stalwart, long-haired, singing dervishes in white robes and furs, looking like royal beggars; great numbers of women clad in black satin or cotton, according to their rank, with a short masklike veil of horsehair over their faces — replaced, if they are poor, by a bright-flowered cotton scarf; unveiled countrywomen with serious dark eyes; and gray mullahs riding gayly harnessed asses or mules, who regard a foreigner with a fierce fanatical stare, as if to ask, 'What are you doing here?' The innumerable narrow side streets and alleys of this inextricable tangle are occupied each by its particular handicraft or branch of trade. Their variety in sameness arouses untiring interest.

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *December* 28, *March* 19

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They have the same appeal of combined novelty and familiarity on the hundredth visit as on the first. It is like watching a stream, ever changing but ever the same.

In the bazaar of the coppersmiths the swinging hammers beat an eternal chorus, forming wonderful articles out of copper, bronze, and brass. Shapeless sheets of metal are converted into basins, dishes, and cups before one's eyes, and bright copper vessels emerge full-formed from the greenish flame. The workers' hammers always beat in rhythm, each artisan carefully catching the time of his neighbor, so that his own ear may not be tortured by a discord. This illustrates the Persian's philosophy of life — 'that I may not suffer discomfort.' It typifies the docile, gentle egoism of the race, of a good-natured people not seeking to monopolize at all cost the world's blessings, but intent upon enjoying their share of these. One other point — a hundred craftsmen working on entirely different articles, and yet a melody! It reveals the deep sense of harmony in the Persian; more than mere musical harmony — a quality of the spirit, no matter how hidden it may often be under externals of poverty and shame.

Here is the bazaar of the spice merchants — quiet corridors lined with white sugarloaves, bags of rice, pyramids of oranges, saffron-yellow aromatic herbs, trays of sugar candy, cinnamon, curry, and pepper, and little dishes of aniseed, sesame, poppy, and innumerable strange varieties of seeds and roots that fill the air with a heavy soporific fragrance. Beside their bright bronze steelyards sit the dealers, with legs curled under them like Buddhist gods. From time to time they inquire in a muffled voice whether those passing do not wish to buy. Theirs is a subdued, almost silent appeal. Men cannot shout and clamor where rice and sugar rustle lightly into the scalepans. They cannot be noisy and violent where the weight of a single grain is a matter of moment. These people submerge themselves in the material with which they work.

That same self-accommodation expresses itself in the patient adding of one strand of colored wool to another, thread to thread, until a beautiful carpet is woven, until the weaver's finished, artistic conception stands forth complete. It is not an accident — there are no accidents in art — that the rugs of Persia have no rivals in the world. Where could one find in the Occident the deep repose, the contemplative content in one's own activity, that these reveal? The Arabs, with whom we must compare the Persians, although the two races are antitheses of each other, live unthinkingly from second to second, rush forward to greet each on-coming moment of their lives. But the Persians let life come to them. To them life is something eternal — not individual life, but life universal. They are convinced of its eternity, that under its constantly changing forms the substance endures forever. And that is the touchstone of every superior race, of every race predestined to play a great part in the world.

I am asserting now that the Persians are to be rated among the superior races, which is no new idea, and also — this may be novel — that their destiny is not yet fulfilled. We ordinarily rate the Persians in our rough-and-ready European way as an exhausted, senile people. That is not true. Cultures that collapse of their own accord, like that of Rome for instance, have lived out their lives; but when an ancient culture like that of pre-Islamic Persia is overwhelmed from without, but the people who created it are not exterminated or assimilated by the conquerors, it lies fallow, so to speak, ready to spring up

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again with revived vigor when the favorable moment comes. Persian life to-day resembles an hypnotic sleep of a people sunk in subconscious dreams.

I lie in the room of an Ispahan caravansary listening to the snorting and stamping of my horses in the stall below. I hear the braying of donkeys, the shouting of drivers and porters, and now and then the cry of a wandering fruit-vendor in the street outside. I open the door and look out. It is the first time that I have seen the building by daylight. Hitherto I have known it only acoustically. It is one of the best in Ispahan — a roomy, square courtyard surrounded by arcaded corridors, above which are rooms opening upon an unrailed gallery. Passages from the central court lead to outer yards and stables. In the centre stands a great octagonal stone reservoir, around which all the life of the place focuses. Men come here to get water for their animals, to perform their ceremonial ablutions before evening prayer, and to wash their rusty pots and kettles. Pack trains cluster here on their arrival, and all day long gray and white animals under huge pack saddles lie near the basin's edge. Their burdens are removed with much jabbering of the drivers and carried forth through the main entrance into the city. Now and then a cluster of black-clad women trip through the court. In Ispahan they wear white veils instead of black as at Teheran, which makes them look like nuns.

When evening comes, lanterns are lighted in the entrance-way and the arcade. A man prays in the dusky twilight, kneeling and bending forward with outstretched arms until his face touches the earth. He is a porter or a beggar, utterly absorbed in his fervent devotions. Certainly he does not understand a single word of the Arab prayers he recites by rote each evening. He does not know the symbolical meaning of the complicated motions that he makes. These are ceremonials drilled in him from babyhood — the greeting to the angel on the right and on the left. What a pitiful ritualism it is, like a wandering mind stammering senseless words! Yet despite this, and perhaps for this very reason, these people who pray in an unknown tongue are imbued with a mysticism that completely absorbs their souls.

As darkness deepens and the breeze rustles through the poplar trees outside that tower above the roof of the caravansary, several remarkable forms gather at the entrance as if to spend their night there. Again porters or beggars — the homeless outcasts of broad Persia and of this city, once the greatest and most populous of Western Asia! These night birds make themselves comfortable upon wooden benches and eat out of the same dish. Now and then a deep masculine laugh is heard under the dim light of the lanterns, or a raised arm makes shadow pictures against the dull glow upon the wall beyond. As the blackness of the night grows deeper, I can no longer distinguish from my post on the gallery individual forms. They became a mere blur in the obscurity beneath. The heavy door creaks shut and a wooden bar is braced across it. It is night.

In the middle of the city is the great Maidan-i-Shah, the Imperial Square, the largest plot of open ground that I ever saw in a city. The whole eastern side of this immense rectangle is occupied by the principal mosque of Ispahan. Its main entrance, of Arab stalactite architecture, glitters with mother-of-pearl and faïence; and above it rises a miracle of bluish-green mosaic domes, gold-capped minarets, arcaded galleries, and airy turrets. On the other

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three sides of the square are the covered main passages of the bazaar with hundreds of side streets leading off them. All this was built by Shah Abbas the Great of the Sefavid dynasty, and was intended to last for eternity.

Most of the workshops of this bazaar have a slender flower-vase on the floor in the middle of the room, filled with bright-blue, white, and violet asters — beauty in the very heart of the drab artisan's existence. Many crafts seem to have favorite color-schemes. For instance, in the potter's bazaar nearly all the flowers are great pink roses that harmonize wonderfully with the warm background of the pottery itself. Saddlers and leather-workers prefer dark-red blossoms.

Imagine a Rembrandt half-shadow — the dyers' shops: mysterious caverns, concealed side niches, steaming stone troughs containing dark-blue and dark-red liquid, wooden horses draped with damp fabrics, men laboring like black and colored shadows, their hands blue from indigo, their faces black from soot, their clothing spotted red, blue, and green. Through apertures in the lofty vaulted roof fall shafts of pale-yellow sunlight, striking diagonally across these witch's kitchens like rays of gentle mercy in a dungeon.

To-day a Bahai came to me, to whom I presented an introduction from his fellow believers in Teheran. He said: 'I will show you something that few Europeans see. I will take you to the mosques. The Mohammedans here do not know that I am a Bahai. Put on your Caucasian felt cap and be a Mohammedan from Tiflis.' We went. I was never before in a Persian mosque; for in this land unbelievers are never admitted, as they are quite freely to Arab and Turkish mosques. We went first to the great avenue of Chahar-Bagh, — the 'Four Gardens,' — where the entrance to the greatest *medresse* in Ispahan lies between poplars and elms. 'Medresse' means a school, or rather a seminary for priests. In these institutions the Koran is interpreted, mullahs preach on holy days, and the believers come to make their five daily prayers. We entered through a broad stalactite gate and pass two heavy doors embossed with silver. Over the portal, like a winding ribbon, is the Arabic dedication with the name of the founder, the son of Shah Abbas. Above it the whole wall to the very top is covered with elaborate decorations in glazed tile — a profuse ornamentation of fantastic animal and plant designs. Passing this entrance, where fruit-vendors and sellers of food of various kinds were squatting with their wares, we reached a court-yard where, at this hour in the early afternoon, unbroken silence reigned. Ancient, broad-boughed elms and plane trees bent over a square fountain; their stalwart trunks rising pillarlike between smooth polished marble flagstones, their twigs touching lightly the carved granite columns of the loggia, five metres high, that surrounds the court. In the loggia itself are the cells of the priests and the students. One stands open, with a wooden balustrade in front, where in olden days the Shah listened to the Friday sermon. As most everywhere in Persia, evidences of decay and dilapidation abounded — crumbling pillars and pilasters and sagging roofs. A couple of women crouched by the fountain; a gray mullah in a white turban and a white beard paced to and fro in the shadow of the trees.

A mosque in the bazaar. The muezzin on the minaret had just called the faithful to prayer. Men and boys were washing their faces, hands, and feet at the fountain. Some had already knelt and were praying with outstretched arms. Arabic words echoed through the stillness of the Persian afternoon, and

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the colored garments of the men were like breeze-tossed flowers nodding rhythmically to the cadence of their prayer.

We saw old courtyards in ancient mosques looking like gardens run wild, vocal with the cooing of doves and the shrill twittering of sparrows. We saw rug-carpeted halls where a priest, sitting on a pulpitlike elevation, read legends of the martyrs in a low voice to an attentive audience. His soothing intonations fell with velvety softness upon his hearers. We heard women sob and saw men's faces flush with emotion.

We visited the Palace Chehel Situn — the Palace of the Forty Columns, erected by pleasure-loving, cruel Shah Abbas, who was both a mighty builder and a mighty wine-drinker. Its slender columns are reflected in a long water-mirror. It expresses in every detail joy in form and in pathos, a delight in the senses that rebels constantly against the oppression of a fanatical dogma, that continually reasserts itself as art, as grace, as beauty to the honor of God — and also as an ecstasy of self-surrender to cruel martyr-legends, to mystical exaltation, to the poignant melancholy of a temperamental, life-loving race. Chehel Situn is the completest expression of beauty in Persia, a roof rising from a cornice inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and supported by twenty tall slender columns of dark wood, — twenty others are reflected in the water mirror to justify the palace's name, — all of incomparable delicacy and grace. The raised floor consists of large polished-stone squares, the ceiling of the open hall is a glittering mirror-mosaic whose facets reflect in a hundred shapes whatever is below — a fantastic world with its own laws of existence and motion.

AS SCARLET

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*Criterion*]

Scarlet the toadstools burn
In black mould by the linn,
Yet not more fiery red
Than my soul's sin.

Sodden as last year's leaves,
My life seemed cold and dead,
When suddenly the black
Burst into red.

Fall quickly, winter snow,
To bury all from sight
In drift on drift of deaths,
Cold dazzling white!

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ON THE MAKING OF NOVELS[1]

BY PÍO BAROJA

[THE author, as many of our readers are aware, is one of the best-known novelists of Spain, and this article is a prelude to his last story, *La nave de los locos*.]

IT is always pleasanter to converse with a woman alone. Although there may not be the slightest suspicion of romance in the conversation, a third person makes a crowd. On the other hand, it is pleasanter to converse with two men than with one. When three men are talking and disputing they supplement each other. Two are not enough to cover a theme comfortably and pleasantly; four are too many. So I always prefer three — what might be called a triangle of friendship.

We three friends had left Madrid in December, and were waiting at a town on the coast of Malaga for some repairs to be made on our motor-car. All three of us were writers, chronic controversialists who loved to debate all kinds of questions. To a person who did not know us we must have seemed very silly people. A person who was familiar with some of our works and had us already catalogued as makers of vain and useless things would have remarked nothing to surprise him in our conversation. Of the three in our party, one was chiefly a writer of philosophical essays, the second a specialist in pedagogical questions, and I almost exclusively a novelist — with or without preludes.

After eating luncheon at an inn we took a stroll along the sea. Our walk led us to a point overlooking the harbor. Below us several little boats were drawn up on the beach. Two or three larger ones with patched sails were moored near the shore. Near by were several yoke of oxen. Sun-bronzed fishermen were going and coming and mending their nets, their yellow and red shirts giving a note of color to the picture.

At the farther end of the harbor, in a little corner between two houses, a group of men and boys was engaged in a favorite local sport, which consists in throwing a stalk of sugar cane into the air and cutting it in two with a knife as it descends.

We should have been highly gratified to be able to make certain observations, and perhaps to compose a few metaphors, on the beauty of the Mediterranean and the mildness of the climate; but as a matter of fact the 'sunny Latin sea' was gray and gloomy — the color of mica under a cloudy sky. It was not a good day for metaphors, and for lack of something better upon which to exercise our wits we returned to the theme that had served us as material for a conversation during the whole trip: What ought a novel to be, and how far is it possible to have a clear, precise, concrete technique for this form of literature?

Whenever we had nothing better to talk about, when we were not arguing over what road to take or whether to stop at the upper or the lower inn, and when we were not busy writing more

[1] From the *Revista de Occidente* (Madrid literary monthly), *March*

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or less eloquent messages to our friends on picture postal cards, we always reverted to this subject.

For some time I had been mentally preoccupied with the question, not exactly in its general application, but as it applied to my personal work. Unquestionably such a technique is possible in theory, but I do not see that it is equally applicable in practice; or, better said, I do not see its usefulness, for as soon as I try to formulate my ideas on the technique of novel-writing I find they are so few, and so much like trusting to instinct, that they seem disappointingly meagre.

All this did not prevent my two companions and myself from arguing the matter interminably, each insisting on his personal view. Later, when I had leisure to think the matter over alone, I tried to discover if I had learned anything from the conversation that I could apply in a new book I had in mind, and which I planned to call *La nave de los locos*. Although some of my friends will not believe it, I am not set in my ideas. The thought of changing them does not trouble me in the least; quite the reverse, it intrigues me. I have tried every literary device I ever heard of. I have avoided being dogmatic. I have finally come to the conclusion of the pragmatists — that a theory in most cases is valuable more for its results and its future promise than for its possible approximation to truth. I have also regarded literature as a sport, in the sense that it should be disinterested. I have not viewed it in general or in my particular works, from the exclusively personal standpoint. I am always glad to hear criticisms of my books, and only regret that they are not more concrete and detailed. An acute and penetrating critic who will take your book, dissect it, point out its defects, and say, 'You have tried to do this, but you did not "put it over," for such and such a reason,' would be one of the greatest helps a writer could have.

To be sure, it is very possible that most of an author's fundamental defects are incorrigible and cannot be cured; but surely there are some that might be remedied. With all our psychological limitations, it ought to give us great pleasure consciously to perfect the children of our brain as much as lies in our power. I have always clung to this illusion, although I have not been able to put the idea into practice.

If I could refine and perfect the work of my pen I should do so, partly perhaps for the sake of the public, but principally for my own sake. I love things in themselves more than for the rewards they bring in money and reputation; and even if a pessimist were able to persuade me that I could be more successful writing poorer books, I should nevertheless make them as good as I was able. I think I should do the same in case of anything that I really loved.

Is there a distinct novel type? That question kept recurring to me whenever, in the course of our discussions, the essayist spoke of the novel as a concrete and well-defined form of literature. I do not think it is. The novel as it exists to-day is multiform, protean, in formation, in fermentation. It tries everything. It may be philosophical or psychological; it may deal with adventure, Utopia, an epic theme — anything whatever. To imagine that there can be a single mould for such an immense variety of things seems to me to show doctrinarism and dogmatism. If the novel were a well-defined class of literature, like the sonnet, it might also have a well-defined technique.

But the novel embraces a great variety of species. The critic who analyzes and understands them never

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thinks of judging one species by the criteria of another. That would be like judging a Gothic cathedral by the formulas of Greek art. For there are novels that might be compared with melody — many of those of Mérimée, of Turgenev, of Stendhal. There are novels that suggest harmony, like those of Zola, Dostoevskii, and above all Tolstoi. And there is. . . an infinite number of other kinds of novels. If such a thing as a true technique of novel-writing existed, the novel is so multiform that it would necessarily be a multiform technique — there would be as many kinds of technique as there are kinds of novels.

It is conceivably possible to write a clear, limpid, serene, perfectly symmetrical, artistic novel without philosophical disquisitions, dissertations, or psychological analyses, like a Mozart sonata. But it is possible and nothing more, inasmuch as we do not know of any actual novel that approaches this ideal.

I have read somewhere that when everyone was admiring Mozart's *Don Juan* the King or some high personage at the Court said to the musician: 'Your opera is excellent, but there are too many notes in it.' To which the composer replied simply: 'No more than necessary.'

Who could say that of literature? Who could honestly declare that he had said no more or less than was necessary? No one. Neither Homer, nor Vergil, nor Shakespeare, nor Cervantes could say that of his writings.

Undoubtedly it is theoretically possible to have this clear, limpid, serene, smiling novel, without the slightest discord or departure from perfect symmetry; but so far we see only its possibility and not the way to realize it.

Although we were to see both the possibility and the way to its attainment, it would not be easy for us writers who began our careers when the apostles of social literature — Tolstoi, Zola, Ibsen, Dostoevskii, and Nietzsche — were at the apogee of their fame to write clear, limpid, serene, purely artistic works.

Let us assume that there is a free novel something like free verse, and a novel confined within classical canons like verse strictly subservient to the laws of metre and poetic construction. A scoffer would say that the free novel is for rainy days and the other for bright days, but I overlook this facile and frivolous irony. The advantage of the free novel, in dealing with the actual realities of life, is that it saves us from the danger of arteriosclerosis, ossification, and death. It resembles a flowerpot. A porous flowerpot is permeable to all the natural influences that surround it. Its surface becomes covered with moss and lichens. The soil inside it and whatever is planted in it draws vigor and vitality from all the world around it. On the other hand, a glazed jar or vase isolates the plant and its soil from the rest of nature. There is no give and take between what is inside and outside — no endosmosis and exosmosis. Consequently the plant is left a sort of cosmic pauper — to die a victim of rachitis and malnutrition.

Something similar happens in case of the classical and the romantic garden. The classical gardener may exaggerate symmetry and unity, until he produces a garden of stones, vases, and statues, where Nature is scarcely visible except in a timid, emasculate form. On the other hand, if the romantic gardener overdoes naturalness his garden ceases to be a garden and becomes merely a bit of jungle. Limitation is all right as long as it does not produce the impression of something artificial and inexorable. As soon as that point is reached it becomes a

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tragedy, and in our age an impertinent and grotesque tragedy.

It is natural enough that a young man of the best family in Santander should meet social obstacles to marrying a fisherman's daughter. But it is a little absurd to make these impediments as terrible as they are in one of Pereda's novels, so that they defeat the course of true love and utterly ruin the happiness of two human beings. For after all the world is a little bigger than Santander and its social distinctions, and I imagine that Pereda's young man, no matter how devoted he were to his native town, might prefer to live with the woman of his heart in León, Oviedo, or Ribadeo in preference to marrying a woman he did not love and remaining in Santander. Limitation seems all right to me until it shortens our range of vision to that of a mole; and it should never make it impossible for us to enjoy sometimes the vision of the eagle.

Some time ago a Madrid carpenter named Joaquín, who lived in the street of Magallanes near the deserted cemeteries next to Dehesa de la Villa, was working at my house. This carpenter possesses a professional vocabulary relating to his trade and other trades with which he came in contact that fills me with admiration. If I were a person in authority I should send him to the Spanish Academy to help them on their dictionary. One day Joaquín, while at work, got into an argument with some pastry-cooks, confectioners, and kitchen boys as to the relative advantages of different trades. Finally he dismissed the subject with the heated remark: 'To my mind, a trade where you don't use a rule and measure ain't no trade at all.'

That remark struck me forcibly, and I said to myself: 'Joaquín is right. A trade that does not use a rule and measure is not an exact and proper trade!' Now we must admit that the novelist's trade does not use the rule and measure. In that respect we are on the same level with cooks, pastry-cooks, sausage-makers, and the like, and cannot claim equality with watchmakers, surveyors, mechanics, or even with poets, who have their own metre, although it is not equal to the ten millionth part of the quadrant of the terrestrial meridian. So we are bereft of rule and measure, and probably shall be so throughout eternity. All we can say about our trade is that in order to write novels one must be a novelist — and that is not always enough.

In discussing the technique of the French type of novel Flaubert laid it down as a dogma that the author must be unmoved and impassive, that he must not sympathize with his characters. Is this impartiality and impassivity real? I do not think so. It seems to me very difficult to avoid liking and disliking the creatures of your imagination. We can affect indifference, but that is all. One curious trait of Dostoevskii — which, however, I do not attribute especially to his method — is the inconsistency he shows in his liking and disliking of his characters. All of a sudden one of them will seem to have won his affection or to have incurred his disgust. This gives the impression that the author is entirely disconnected with his creations, that they evolved independently of him. That effect, which is ultimately of great artistic value, was not, I imagine, produced by deliberate design, but was a consequence partly of a certain double personality in Dostoevskii himself and partly of the haste with which he wrote.

They also say that an author never ought to speak in his own voice, but only through the mouths of his characters. This is assumed as indisputable. But do not Cervantes, Fielding, Dickens, and Dostoevskii speak in their own voice, interrupting their stories to

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do so? Does not Carlyle break into his histories with his magnificent sermons? Why may there not be a type of novel in which the author speaks directly to his public, just as the barker speaks for the wax figures inside his show? Some imagine that it is no longer permissible to do this, because the art of novel-writing has been perfected since these men wrote. What simplicity!

A writer, and above all a novelist, possesses a definite stock of sentiment and emotion, which forms his personal capital. We may use the word emotional or sentimental with a derogatory meaning of affectation, of hypersensitiveness. I do not use it here in that sense. This emotional stock-in-trade includes the writer's matured and clarified good and evil instincts, his memories, his successes, his failures. He lives upon this capital. There comes a time in which it shows signs of exhaustion — whereupon the writer becomes a photographer and a tourist. He sets forth into the world to find something to tell about, simply because he has made telling tales his trade. But henceforth he has no original personal capital to use; he must find his capital outside. Some writers have had a very large emotional stock-in-trade — for instance, Dickens and Dostoevskii. Others were meagrely endowed with it from the first, like Flaubert, Galdós, and even Anatole France. A few — Zola, for instance — were photographers from the beginning, world tourists, but masters in that line. Every novelist, even the most humble, has some personal stock-in-trade of the kind I mention. It is like the mud from which children fashion mud dolls, or like the cloth from which they make the scenery for their puppet shows.

Taking myself, I have observed that my stock of sentiment was accumulated during a relatively short period in my childhood and youth — roughly, between my tenth or twelfth and my twenty-second or twenty-third year. At that age everything was transcendental for me. Persons, ideas, things, moody caprices — they all remained indelibly engraved on my character. But as I became older this sensitive receptivity for experiences grew duller and promptly disappeared. My emotions acquired the character of mere passing and more or less agreeable sensations — those of a tourist in life. Now, with my youth thirty years behind me, if I want to revive any profound emotion, I have to go back and try to reconstruct one from the memories of that distant and turbulent epoch. My experiences have for many years arranged themselves in my mind like a collection of photographs — dry prints of a more or less picturesque or humorous kind. That is a symptom of exhaustion, of decadence. I believe that an author's emotional stock-in-trade — associated in case of one with his childhood and youth, in case of another with his native land, in case of another with his love affairs, his studies, or the dangers he has encountered in some great crisis — are what give character to the novelists, are what make him what he is.

What influence would a technique of novel-writing, half-comprehended, vague, largely useless in practice, have upon this emotional capital derived from a thousand obscure experiences, most of them unconscious, in one's past life? I think, little or none.

Accent is everything in a writer, and this accent springs from the depth of his personality. Limpid water will never flow from a muddy pond, or pure breezes come from a fetid marsh. Yet the air that is wafted to us from a meadow of fragrant flowers will be sweeter-scented than all the spices of the Orient.

Someone will say: 'That may all be

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true. Novelists may employ different materials, but there are definite rules of architecture, for brick, for stone, for adobe.'

One can hardly speak of rules of architecture for a novel. Every other form of literature, from a sonnet to an oration, has its rules. We cannot conceive a drama without construction, without an argument. We cannot conceive a short story without a plot. But a novel is possible without an argument, without construction, and without a plot. I do not mean to say that there are not novels that can be described as Parnassian. They don't interest me much, but they exist. Each form of novel has its own type of skeleton, and some are characterized precisely by not having any. Biologically they are not vertebrate but invertebrate. The novel in general is like the course of history: it has no beginning and no end; it starts and it stops wherever one wishes. Something like that applies to an epic poem. The authors of *Don Quixote*, the *Odyssey*, the *Romance of the Cid*, or *Pickwick Papers* might add or take away chapters without materially affecting the character of the work itself. To be sure, there are skillful people who know how to impound the current of history and imprison it in great reservoirs. Certain people like that sort of thing, while it tires and disgusts others of us.

How can we reconcile the Parnassians and the non-Parnassians — the partisans of classical metre and free-verse enthusiasts? Our natural instincts drive some of us to one extreme and others to the opposite extreme. I do not deny that it is possible to cut a novel to exact pattern like a fashionable dress-coat. . . . But the first thing that troubles me when I contemplate that procedure is the necessity of reducing the number of characters in my book, of picking out certain specific creations of my imagination and excluding all who do not come up to a certain standard. It reminds me of the notices they used to post up at certain dances in Valencia: 'Gentlemen in ponchos not admitted.' I am not fitted by nature to be a floor-master at a dance. To my mind all of my characters, irregular and 'bar-roomy,' — that term was applied to them by a certain reverend Jesuit father, — seem to have their place in my picture. What am I to do? Among my many faults, according to a friend, is that of being an anarchist and an equalitarian, with no eye for social distinctions.

When my traveling companions and I resumed our motor journey I fancied to myself that all my characters, half envisioned, half imagined, were watching my mental vacillation with somewhat anxious faces. In order to reassure them I whispered to myself, while the landscape and the sombre sea rolled past my eyes: —

'Dear children of my mind, you will all enter, if not into the kingdom of Heaven, at least into my little barque. You will all come aboard, good and bad, those in the poncho and those in the swallowtail, the straight and the crooked alike. The humblest among you shall sit on the right hand of the proudest. We shall laugh to scorn the rhetoricians and the gentry of fashion, the aristocrats and the democrats, the exquisites and the Parnassians, the young sociologists and the whole tribe of literary calligraphers. We shall defy all three of the classical unities. The author will take the floor whenever he wants to, whether the occasion seems to demand it or not. Sometimes we shall chant piously the *Tantum ergo*, and at other times we shall roar truculently the *Ça ira*. We shall do whatever the spirit of the moment bids.'

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MY MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS AGO[1]

BY MRS. HALDANE OF CLOAN

[IT is a pleasure to be able to celebrate in an unusual manner the birthday of Mrs. Haldane, — the mother of Lord Haldane, — who was born a hundred years ago. Below we print Mrs. Haldane's reminiscences of ninety and more years ago. Substantially as they appear here, the reminiscences have already been published in the *Dundee Advertiser*. In wishing Mrs. Haldane much happiness still to come, we must congratulate her on the vivacity of her recollections. Few persons thirty years junior to her see things that happened long ago with anything like such precision. Above all, it is encouraging to find that she is no praiser of past times; she believes that everyone and everything have, on the whole, improved. It is well to remember in times of distress that our most bitter discontents and complaints are either a sign that we are advancing or a pledge that we mean to do so.]

I WAS born at Rotherfield, in Sussex, on April 9, 1825, but the death of my grandfather, Sir Thomas Burdon, caused the family to move to Northumberland while I was still very young. The only mode of traveling was by driving, and my sister and I were sent under the charge of my mother's maid and our nurse in a curricle drawn by a pair of thoroughbred horses, after resting for a day or two in London. A curricle is a carriage in shape like a phaeton, but a bar rests on the backs of the horses instead of having a splinter bar. When we arrived at my late grandfather's house there was a chain across the approach, which both horses leaped, managing to bring the carriage behind them. The journey took ten days; in the present day it takes six and a half hours.

The education of young children was, in those days, very strict. I was sometimes shut up in a garret where were kept a pink hunting-coat belonging to my father and also a white-satin flag embroidered with the words 'Liddell for ever,' which was carried at the back of my grandfather's carriage during the election of 1826. Mr. Liddell, of Ravensworth, contested the county in the Conservative interest. Children were, in those days, threatened with 'Boney' (Bonaparte) in the nursery if they misbehaved, and there was still a strong feeling against the French. My father was Major in the Tyne Hussars, volunteers, who provided their own horses and equipment. My grandfather was Lieutenant-Colonel. Lord Darlington raised the regiment for the defense of the country at the time when French invasion was feared. The Duke of Wellington reviewed the regiment and expressed himself as highly pleased with its appearance.

We children were taken from our cribs about 7 A.M. and plunged overhead by two nurses in a bath of cold water. Lessons were carried on vigorously with a governess, and I learned to read at three years of age. The multiplication table and French verbs were repeated while holding a backboard, and with our feet in the stocks, which stocks

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *April* 11

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were specially made by the joiner. One wonders what would be said to such things now! We little girls soon realized the preference given to sons, since when our father laid the foundation stone of his new house only our brother's name was inscribed, and not ours. The garden was the great source of interest, especially as the gardener was an exceptionally intelligent man. When tulips were introduced he cultivated them most successfully, as well as many other flowers, such as double stocks, then rare.

When just eight or ten years of age I read through Voltaire's histories of Louis XIV, and Peter the Great, and looked up all the French words I did not know and wrote them out. A little later there was read aloud to us Hume's and Smollett's histories, as well as Buchanan's, Rollin's, and others; likewise Mitford's *Greece;* while in the evening my father read aloud Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Cowper's *Task*, Macaulay's *History of England*, and Dryden's works. With an Italian master we read the works of Tasso and Metastasio. Our education was good, inasmuch as we read classical works and not textbooks. What we read then has remained in my mind till this day.

Boys' schools were very different from those of the present day. I have known a cousin return from school black and blue from bruises inflicted by the cane, and a companion of his lived for three days up a chimney in hiding. A girl cousin was punished by being locked up in a barn and fed on bread and water. We can hardly be grateful enough to Charles Dickens and Charlotte Brontë for exposing these evils. But what touched our hearts most as children was to hear of the boys who were sent up chimneys to sweep them, and who often stuck fast with disastrous results, and of those who were laid hold of and made to serve aboard ship. In the colliery villages conditions were good, the houses well built, and usually well furnished and clean. Education was appreciated, and the Methodist movement took a great hold of the people.

In the year 1832 cholera visited the British Isles. It was an unknown disease, and perplexed the medical faculty. There was a case in an adjoining farmhouse, which my mother visited, and we children were given port wine and ale to strengthen our systems against attack — remedies to which we did not object. In those days children were always given a mug of ale at dinner-time.

The year 1832 was marked by the passing of the Reform Bill, and I distinctly remember the burst of feeling aroused by the news. It came by the Chevy Chase coach, which ran between Newcastle and Edinburgh, and the coach stopped at my father's gate to let the assembled people hear the wonderful tidings. A great part of the year was spent in the north of the country, as my father was fond of sport. My mother had a large household to provide for, as well as many horses and dogs, and being quite out of the range of markets, there were six oxen and twenty sheep slaughtered during the year to supply the wants of the establishment. An ox was killed at Christmas and divided into joints for distribution among the people of the village. Three days twice a year were spent by the butler in brewing ale, and the housekeeper made currant and elderflower wine. Once the old butler fell out of our favor, and we children pulled out the bung of the barrel. For this we were all made to beg his pardon. Of course, all baking was done at home. We rode a great deal with the coachman, who occasionally went into a public house called The Leg of Mutton to get a glass of beer. Our pleasure was to elude him and get out of his sight.

The first locomotive was a curious

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grasshopper-looking machine that made a tremendous noise, and if our ponies came anywhere near it they at once made off in terror. We drove with our mother to see the first balloon ascend, and were greatly excited over the event. I was much impressed also by seeing the treadmill of the Newcastle prison, a barbarous form of punishment.

When about six years old we wore white cambric frocks in the morning with low necks and short sleeves, and broad blue or pink sashes tied behind. Out of doors we wore spencers of cambric muslin with frills round the waist and long sleeves and collars and cuffs. Drawn-silk bonnets were worn with net caps covering the head and bordered with tiny roses or baby ribbon; which was very becoming. It would not have been considered proper to wear hats without caps. In winter, pelisses and beaver bonnets were worn.

I remember the pride we had in our black-and-white gingham frocks which we wore as mourning when King George IV died in 1830. Like all gentlemen, my father wore stays in hunting. My mother wore a large white or blue satin hat in the evening, with long bird of paradise feathers hanging from it.

It was the custom then for young people never to enter a room where there were strangers or visitors without dropping a curtsey, and they also addressed their elders respectfully as 'Sir' or 'Ma'am.' Nor were we allowed to speak till we were spoken to.

The winter of 1838 was exceptionally severe, and the Thames was frozen over and tents erected on it. The illness and subsequent death of Lord Eldon, my father's uncle, with whom he had been much associated, took my parents to London, and we children had a very dull time at home with our governess, seeing no one from outside but a writing-master, who also taught us arithmetic. The only occasion on which I saw Lord Eldon was when he was visiting his property in Yorkshire, and we were making our annual visit to Harrogate. I can remember in that year driving fifteen miles to Cambo in an open dogcart to meet a dentist from Newcastle at an inn. We had to drive over the bleak moors during a snowstorm, and not far from the roadside on a gibbet was hanging the effigy of a tramp named Winter, who had murdered an old woman in a cottage in sight of the place. I can remember the clanking of the chains to this day.

In 1839 I was seriously ill, and the country doctor — the only one in a large district — was sent for. He was dressed in a bright-green frock-coat with brass buttons, and wore corduroy riding-breeches and boots. His medical treatment was limited to bleeding, and when he came in he said to me, 'Would ye like to be bluided?' which operation he immediately performed; after which 'list,' the selvedge of flannel, was applied to stop the bleeding, which was excessive. At first he said he could not find the vein because I was so fat, but he succeeded too well in the end! The treatment left me weak, and a change to Edinburgh was recommended.

The journey was performed in a traveling-chariot with post horses, and on arriving at the hotel in St. Andrew's Square we found it to be full, and lodgings were taken. Unfortunately it was a fast day, and no food was to be had for the weary travelers but by begging and borrowing. At another lodging in Princes Street — supposed to be very good — the maidservant went barefoot, and when sent next door to the baker's shop for rolls she came back with the message: 'Maister Mackie wunna gie them withoot the siller!' In those days ladies still went out in the evening in Edinburgh in sedan chairs.

In the north of Northumberland the farmhouses were usually thatched, and

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a large duck-pond was often situated at the door contiguous to a heap of manure, which did not seem to affect the health of the inmates. As there were frequently no roads, but merely cart-tracks, it was customary for the farmer and his wife to ride together on horseback in pillion fashion, she holding tightly by her arms round her husband's waist. In this manner they went to church. One good wife was so annoyed by her husband's drunkenness and illtreatment of her that she sent for a neighboring gentleman of a very powerful build, and he promptly took the man in his arms and immersed him in the duck-pond! Drunkards were at that time regularly put into stocks, and I have seen them so lying on the village green at Elsdon.

On looking back I realize how wonderful the changes have been since my birth, when it was almost impossible for a poor man to make his way in the world, or even for one of moderate means to occupy any position of importance. There were barriers everywhere, and the influence of the great was required to place children in any good position. Young as I was, I was impressed by the overbearing manners of the higher classes, so called, and the unnecessary display of wealth and power. The floodgates were opened for the first time in 1832, and never since has the current stopped. Only three professions were considered fit for a gentleman — the Church, Bar, and Army or Navy. As regards the Army, excluding infantry officers, it cost about £500 to get a son into a good regiment. The condition of the working classes in the centre and south of England was deplorable. An agricultural laborer had to support a family on nine shillings a week, and pay for a cottage, probably a very insanitary one.

Those imprisoned for debt were in a terrible plight if they had no friends to help them. My mother as a child visited Newgate with Elizabeth Fry, a friend of her mother's, saw the prisoners lying in chains on the straw, and never forgot the sight. Lunatics and even ordinary sick people had but scant attention compared to the present day. We owe much to the work of the Society of Friends for ameliorating the condition of the poor and helping in time of famine, and we may be thankful that our lot has been cast in happier days so far as the masses of the people are concerned, and feel grateful to those whose work brought these changes to pass.

Ninety years ago even good people did not realize what was due to those less fortunately circumstanced than themselves, and serious abuses existed and little protest was made. Poaching was a crime, and though the mantrap with its crocodile teeth was supposed to be abolished in 1827, I can remember seeing one in use in Yorkshire. Stephenson's first locomotive, which I recollect well, was made in the year of my birth, and was used to carry coal from the pit's mouth.

The Industrial Revolution was transforming England, and causing much misery in the process in manufacturing districts. The Established Church was dead, but there was a great movement arising outside it, just as there was an educative movement through the Mechanics Institutes. There were few schools, and my mother established one of her own for girls in the neighborhood. I was to see a complete change in affairs educational, political, social, and religious during my long life, and I am glad to know and testify that on the whole the changes have been for the better.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

JOHN BULL AND SINCLAIR LEWIS

BEGINNING with *Main Street*, each of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novels has been hailed with an almost unanimous delight by the London critics, and presumably read with corresponding pleasure by the public which — though this, too, is sometimes a matter of presumption — looks to those critics for guidance in such matters. Eagerly urged on by the British reviewers, the British public has opened wide its heart and in its undemonstrative British way has clasped the Yankee novelist in a close embrace.

Now this is a very amazing event, for the stolid Briton does not readily wax enthusiastic over any literature produced beyond the confines of his own tight little island; and so notable a phenomenon as the Lewis vogue — equaled in recent years by no non-British writer except André Maurois, the French biographer of Shelley and Colonel Bramble, who at least found his subject-matter in Britain — deserves looking into.

Let it be frankly said, to begin with, that a good share of the British success of the Lewis novels is due to an honest and discriminating admiration for Mr. Lewis's brilliant, if pitiless, realism, and to nothing else. But there is more in the acclamations of literary London, and the dutifully echoing provinces, than meets the eye with quite such obvious readiness. Besides writing good novels, Mr. Lewis has had the luck to write novels that fit in with certain preconceptions about America which are entertained as matters of staunch conviction, especially by those among King George's subjects whose travels have never extended to these United States.

The American, in all too many British eyes, is a boisterous tub-thumping fellow, one who might be described in his native Doric as a 'good-natured roughneck.' That is why we find the *Westminster Gazette*, which devotes an editorial to the novel, commenting pleasantly on 'the naïveté and crudity which appear to mark American life in any sphere.' The conception has scant claim to accuracy; but accuracy, though an estimable quality, is the very last to be expected in the ideas nations entertain of one another. The American author does not have to be a vulgar fellow or a vulgar writer — Mr. Lewis being obviously anything but either — to succeed in England. It suffices that he should write about vulgar people; and as the pages of *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith* teem with just such individuals as the Briton, somewhat aghast, beholds each summer dashing guidebook in hand through his cathedrals and the Shakespeare birthplace, he turns to the Lewis novels in much the spirit that impels a zoölogist to consider the home life of a strange but interesting species. For an essentially similar reason Mr. H. L. Mencken is acclaimed in England. They both support the previous convictions of the British reader, and there is balm to the spirit in having one's worst suspicions confirmed.

It will not do to ride the theory too far, lest the nag rear and throw the theorizer when confronted with such a

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contradictory case as Robert Frost, whose quietly exquisite New England poems first found recognition in Old England; but there are exceptions to all rules, and though this one is not unexceptionable, there is a deal of truth in it.

Martin Arrowsmith, the latest of the Lewis novels, is receiving praise not quite so enthusiastic as that which fell to the lot of *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, whereas Mr. Lewis's art in general is receiving encomiums which are — again the qualification — if anything a trifle more laudatory. The reason for this odd contradiction? Quite clearly that Mr. Lewis is become an established figure. No longer feeling the compulsion to remind readers of what they may be presumed to know, — that here is, after all, an extremely able novelist, — and no longer afraid of blighting a budding talent, — for despite their horrendous repute, critics are a gentle race, — the British reviewers make no bones about pointing out flaws.

It was rash of Mr. Lewis to publish a scientific novel — abundantly strewn with large and learned scientific words like 'Bacteriophage-anti-Shiga,' 'inactivation,' and 'millicuries' — in the land of H. G. Wells. The feat comes perilously close to bearding that smooth-shaven lion in his very den; for though Mr. Lewis has not spread his science out thin in so many thick books as Mr. Wells, the British patently prefer the scientific roarings of their native lion to alien roarings, no matter how polysyllabic, of American importation. The *Saturday Review*, after quoting several jawbreaking sentences, — which appear, so far as the respectful layman may judge, to relate to the science of bacteriology, — blightingly observes: 'The paragraph may or not prove that Martin Arrowsmith knew his job as a biophysicist: it certainly proves that Mr. Lewis does not know his job as a novelist.' Then the inevitable comparison with the famous author of the *Outline of History*. Yet the *Saturday Review* qualifies these bitter words by admitting that *Martin Arrowsmith* is 'the work of a powerful and original mind, whose range of interest, knowledge, and enthusiasm is so great as to be almost staggering.' Sad to say, however, the total effect upon the *Saturday* reviewer's mind is 'dull and formless.'

The Calendar, newest of London monthlies, in its first number declares the new novel 'vigorous and engrossing,' but laments a tendency to caricature where there should be characterization. Mr. H. C. Harwood, the *Outlook's* dauntless novel-reader, who makes a meal of half a dozen novels a week, credits Mr. Lewis with 'subtle comedy and honest pathos,' but bewails his 'slapstick methods.' 'What has happened is this: his imaginative development has outpaced his intellectual.' The *Sunday Times* says *Arrowsmith* is 'long and detailed and humorous and genuinely distinguished.' That critical oracle, the *Times Literary Supplement*, credits the novel with 'a stirring epic quality.'

Altogether Mr. Lewis emerges triumphant from his third dash down the critical gauntlet. Sundry lusty buffets he has no doubt received, but London critics' hard words break no more bones than other people's — especially when applause for the most part drowns them out.

*

CHARLES LAMB LEAVES INDIA HOUSE

THE hundredth anniversary of Charles Lamb's leaving 'the d——d India House forever' was solemnly celebrated at the Inner Temple Hill in London under the chairmanship of Mr. Augustine Birrell. Sundry lights of contemporary British letters made speeches

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in honor of 'Elia,' and Mr. G. K. Chesterton was even so broad-minded as to admit that Lamb wrote better than himself.

'I write articles,' said the rotund sage, 'and a profound schism of hatred divides those who write essays from those who write articles. The essayist inhabits eternity, but the writer of articles is very emphatically under the government of time.' Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*, observed that Lamb may not have been a first-class clerk, but that he was not nearly so bad as he pretended to be. His salary eventually reached seven hundred and fifty pounds a year, which would amount in purchasing-power to nearly ten thousand dollars under modern conditions — not a bad salary for a poor man. Mr. Birrell uttered some home truths that ought to strike terror into the consciences — if they have any — of the gentlemen who write best-sellers: —

How many books described as important at their birth now have the ground floor of the pit of oblivion, while how many unimportant books may be found a hundred years after, shining in the canopy of heaven with an effulgence all their own!

The writings of Charles Lamb have instilled since 1823, and to-day the world over are instilling, into the minds of young and impressionable readers, good taste, exquisitely fine feeling, and delightful humor. No young man or woman who has ever really learned to enter into the beauty of the spirit of Lamb can ever be altogether vulgar and entirely dull, and vulgarity and dullness are the two chief enemies of the English race. Lamb sought to cultivate our taste, destroy dullness, and extirpate vulgarity. So far as he could he tried, and so far as he succeeded we owe him eternal gratitude.

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A SEQUEL TO 'OUTWARD BOUND'

ENCOURAGED by the success of his play, *Outward Bound*, in London, New York, and Vienna, Mr. Sutton Vane has done a similar play on a theme of very much the same sort, which he calls *Overture*. After showing with success, though with no particular orthodoxy, what is likely to happen to the human soul after death, he has now taken a leaf from Maeterlinck's book and has placed his new first act in that mysterious region which precedes birth.

In Act I we see half a dozen souls sitting around waiting to be born. There is an argument as to what life will hold for them, and the souls are allowed to see in advance. One will be a judge, another a climbing society woman, another a spinster, another pair of souls are promised that they shall fall in love, another is to be a navvy. And then the question arises whether it is worth while being born. It is not a very original question, and the answer is no more original. The souls all hesitate, but in the end they all consent.

Acts II and III pass on earth — to be specific, in London, first on the Thames Embankment, then in a Mayfair drawing-room and a Chelsea studio. The souls soon discover, once they are encased in bodies, that the prospects that looked so rosy before birth do not quite come up to expectation. The judge finds that his office has disabilities and drawbacks; the young couple's love affair is a disappointment; the society woman finds social success rather boring; the navvy has a struggle with poverty, and yet in the last Act, when he finds that his wife is to bear him a child, he is overwhelmed with delight. He dies before the child is born, and just as he is returning to Heaven passes his daughter on her way to be born. The young lady, who has been observing life in advance from on high, goes with no particular misgiving, and with the optimistic remark that life is worth risking.

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The play has already had its first production at the Everyman Theatre, London. Hubert Griffith, reviewing the first production in the *Observer*, says: —

Mr. Vane has very good ideas for plays. He tackles themes that would tax the intellects of geniuses, and though he shirks — or, rather, politely evades — many of the main issues, he gets moments of drama and a pervading sense of beauty into them.

✻

GALSWORTHY ON 'SNAPPERS'

In the preface to his new collection of stories, *Caravan*, John Galsworthy lifts up his voice in protest against the practice which is becoming conventional among modern writers of short stories of keeping a surprise up their sleeve and administering a shock in the last line. O. Henry is probably responsible for the vogue of the habit, and if his successors were his equals in this practice only a few people, — mostly critics, — who do not like O. Henry, would object; but the dismal truth is that O. Henrys are few and far between, and that in spite of the fact that so great a man as Thomas Hardy once tried the trick in his story, 'An Imaginative Woman,' the practice is slowly growing cheap and tawdry. As Mr. Galsworthy observes: —

Those who dutifully confection the short story to the sacred pattern of the hour may well become of the company which shakes its tambourines in hell.

Upon this utterance the *Westminster Gazette* comments as follows: —

There are no tambourines sounding in Mr. Galsworthy's work; his style is so quiet that you can always hear the still sad music of humanity. Among all living writers it is agreed that he is most assured of the regard of posterity, and of them he is the one who has suppressed the epigram and avoided the exclamation mark. For he knows life does not consist of epigrams or exclamations, but of the long, quiet courage of life; and the short story which ignores the heroism of the insignificant for the egotism of the blatant is only a rattling tambourine.

Another age of writers will discover this, but the tragedy may be that the public palate will then be incapable of tasting a finer vintage, and since writers and publishers live by the public taste they will have to endure the fetters of their own devising.

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ABOLISHING PROFESSORS

Academic methods on the civilized Continent, according to the London *Morning Post*: —

Revolutions in Portugal often assume strange shapes. The point may be illustrated by a story of an atrocity once committed by the revolutionary students of the University of Coimbra. These turbulent youths, taking a leaf out of the book of the politicians, waylaid a number of their professors in a wood, tried them by court-martial on a charge of exacting too high a standard of proficiency in examinations, and not only sentenced them to be shot but actually shot them.

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BOOKS ABROAD

J. Ramsey MacDonald (1923–1925), by Iconoclast. London: Parsons, 1925. 3*s*. 6*d*.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

'Iconoclast,' a brilliant journalist and an enthusiastic worshiper at the MacDonald shrine, has written a highly readable and entertaining book on the general thesis that the fall of MacDonald from power was brought about, not by any weaknesses in the man or his policy, not even by the inevitable trend of public events, but by a deliberate campaign of calumny against his saintly character: —

> The plain man had a conviction that Mr. MacDonald was somehow different from other politicians . . . Suspicion and distrust had largely been dissipated; in their place was this sentiment, warmer than interest, faintly tinged with reverence. From other politicians he was distinguished by something like a halo.
>
> Since this halo was the intangible and at the same time effective bulwark of Labor, to break it was the surest method of breaking Labor's hold. This is the clue to the tactic pursued from the middle of August on. The method throughout was one of personal attack.

To this thesis 'Iconoclast' adapts the public history of 1923–1925 with an astounding simplicity. She admits a certain secretiveness, but she boldly defends it: —

> Between the Scylla of reserve and the Charybdis of openness the statesman can hardly hope to steer an uncriticized course. If Mr. MacDonald chose silence — or rather, if his temperament chose it for him — he chose the course of dignity.

She passes over the strokes of luck by which his policy was saved through the intervention of others, with as disarming a naïvety as that with which she dismisses his blunders: —

> After numerous contretemps — one between Mr. Snowden and the Bankers, another apropos of the publication of Mr. MacDonald's letter to the League of Nations rejecting the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance — agreement was reached.

(What an eventful parenthesis!) She repeats, with touching confidence, his astonishing evasions: —

> Mr. MacDonald was twitted at the time, and constantly, because in June he had declared that we would not make a loan to Russia. Useless, apparently, to point out that it was one thing to undertake to give a loan for unspecified purposes, and quite another to agree to guarantee the interest and sinking fund of a loan which Russia could raise in the City, and would . . . earmark for productive purchases, largely in this country.

If she brings herself to admit that he has imperfections, they are at most the imperfections of a saintly character: —

> If one can for a moment separate the human being in him from the statesman, politician, artist, who in their combination make up his character, one can find in that human being all the traits of a child — a beautiful, gifted, at times infinitely tiresome child.

Such is the picture that 'Iconoclast' draws of one of the most sophisticated politicians of the day. It is a gallant attempt to depict him as an almost perfect hero embarrassed only by his inability to comprehend the depravity of his enemies. Yet, somehow, we cannot feel that the reputation of Mr. MacDonald gains by this process. The 'infinitely tiresome child' is smaller and less attractive than the infinitely tiresome man whom we think we know — the man who was prevented by the inhibitions of a Scottish childhood from accepting the counsel of friends and colleagues when he desperately needed it; who was so uplifted by a sense of his own importance and sagacity that he could not avail himself of the great opportunity which came to him of leading a progressive majority in the House of Commons for four years along the path of amelioration and appeasement; who was so vain as to think that he could solve the most stubborn international problem by writing love-letters to Poincaré; so secretive that he made a mystery of the most harmless transactions, and so self-righteous that he regarded any criticism of himself as a form of blasphemy.

['Iconoclast' is the pen name of Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton.]

The League, the Protocol, and the Empire, by Roth Williams, London: Allen & Unwin, 5*s*.

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

International factors change so rapidly in these latter years that it is difficult for writers to keep pace with the things of the immediate pres-

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ent. This book attempts successfully to provide the material necessary for forming an opinion, not only on the so-called Geneva Peace Protocol, which is on the verge of extinction, but on the problem of Peace, Prosperity, and Disarmament, which most of the nations of the world have been endeavoring for five years to solve by coöperation through the League of Nations — the main weakness in the latter case being the want of consideration in which the League is held by several Governments. In Mr. Roth Williams's explicit little volume the Protocol is analyzed, and its bearing on current international politics criticized and explained.

The Geneva Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, by Professor P. J. Noel Baker. London: P. S. King and Son, 1925. 9*s*.

[*Daily Herald*]

Professor Baker's book on the Protocol is one which baffles the reviewer whose space is limited. To summarize it briefly would be to give the impression of dry bones. Yet the book is anything but dry bones. It is a book designed for real students, it is true, but each detail in its turn captivates us by its special interest and seems the most important of all.

Professor Baker is a defender of the Protocol as a whole. He makes it clear that the alternative is not the mere acceptance of things as they are, but a process leading with certainty, in the fullness of time, to 'some appalling international catastrophe, infinitely more destructive than the catastrophe of ten years ago.' To avoid this alternative, and lay the foundation of a new universal system for the pacific settlement of disputes, it is worth accepting some very serious obligations — obligations, however, which are only a more precise version of those already accepted under the Covenant. He elaborates in some closely reasoned chapters the exact nature of these obligations (the so-called 'Sanctions' and the extent of the risks as well as the gains which they involve for individual States.

Perhaps the section which is of the most general interest is that in which he discusses the question how far the Protocol 'stereotypes the existing frontiers of Europe.' He points out that what the Protocol does is to prohibit one particular method of changing these frontiers — namely, the method of war. He argues that war is of all possible means the worst that could possibly be chosen.

> It might even be argued with some show of reason that, however it be begun, war always leads to more and worse injuries than it removes; and the evidence of much history would support this argument. At the least it will be conceded that war, as a method of securing justice, is a precarious expedient; while in itself it is so terrible a scourge that many even of those who put this objection forward agree that in present-day conditions the worst conceivable status quo is better than resort to arms.

De Proust à Dada, by André Germain. Paris: Simon Kra, 1925.

[*L'Ère Nouvelle*]

The brilliant writer, André Germain, whose odd book, *Pèlerinages européens*, we have not forgotten, initiates us into the most recent productions in the literary domain and traces the portraits of the most recent successful writers. After a thorough and penetrating study of Marcel Proust's work, which he treats as a single whole, M. Germain examines the favorite writers of the day, whom he divides into two categories. Among the first, whom he calls 'The Dozen,' are Mme. de Noailles, Colette, Aurora Sand, André Gide, les frères Thaaraud, Paul Morand, Valery Larbaud, and Jean Giraudoux. In the second, whom he calls 'The Candidates,' you will find François Mauriac, Drieu La Rochelle, H. de Montherlant, Ph. Soupault, Joseph Delteil, Jacques Sindral, and Ph. Barrès. And among the masters of yesterday are Robert de Montesquiou, Marie Lenéru, and Raymond Radiguet. There is likewise a great deal of alertness and vivacity in these pages, which are written with a very personal touch and which do honor to M. Germain's critical sense.

✤

BOOKS MENTIONED

Lewis, Sinclair. Arrowsmith. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Harcourt Brace, 1925. $2.00.

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Speaking Freely

WHAT price free speech?

* * *

Or, as Judge Winston translates it, "How Free Is Free Speech?"

* * *

Not very, opines this former judge of the Superior Court.

Doubtless Count Karolyi will join him in those sentiments.

* * *

We find it that way, too. Many things keep us from saying what we want to.

For one thing, you probably would not believe us, but would toss "Bunk!" or some other short and ugly into our teeth.

So just picture us silently broadcasting great gloats over the June Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Beside "Fix Bayonets!" by that young Marine officer, Thomason, we told you of last week, there is Robert W. Winston's article on free speech, mentioned above.

He leaves not a shred of respectability about the idea of "constructive" contempt of court.

(Stage whisper—Lawyer Winston defended Josephus Daniels in a case which resulted in landing Daniels in jail and then in the Cabinet.)

* * *

Senator William Cabell Bruce of Maryland in "Recent Strides of Federal Authority" is scholarly. He neatly jabs the giant and points to the mud on his boots.

* * *

"The Last Taboo" is Albert Guérard's article in black and white.

* * *

Alfred F. Loomis writes about the San Blas (not pronounced Blah) Indians who up and told the Panamans (or is it Panamen?) that they didn't want any more of their "fraternization."

* * *

Mrs. Wharton completes her series of essays on fiction.

* * *

A College President who keeps under cover contributes "Nowisky, Otherwise Volstead."

* * *

"My Personal Experience with a Texas Twister" in which a woman gets funny with a cyclone after it got funny with her—she might have called it "The Last Laugh"—is by Laura Kirkwood Plumb.

* * *

As for fiction, we cast a gorgeous great gloat toward "The Bridegroom" by Clarke Knowlton.

And scarcely diminished ones toward stories by E. C. Venable, Arthur Hobson Quinn, and Lawrence S. Morris.

* * *

May 26 is the date when you can see for yourself.

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